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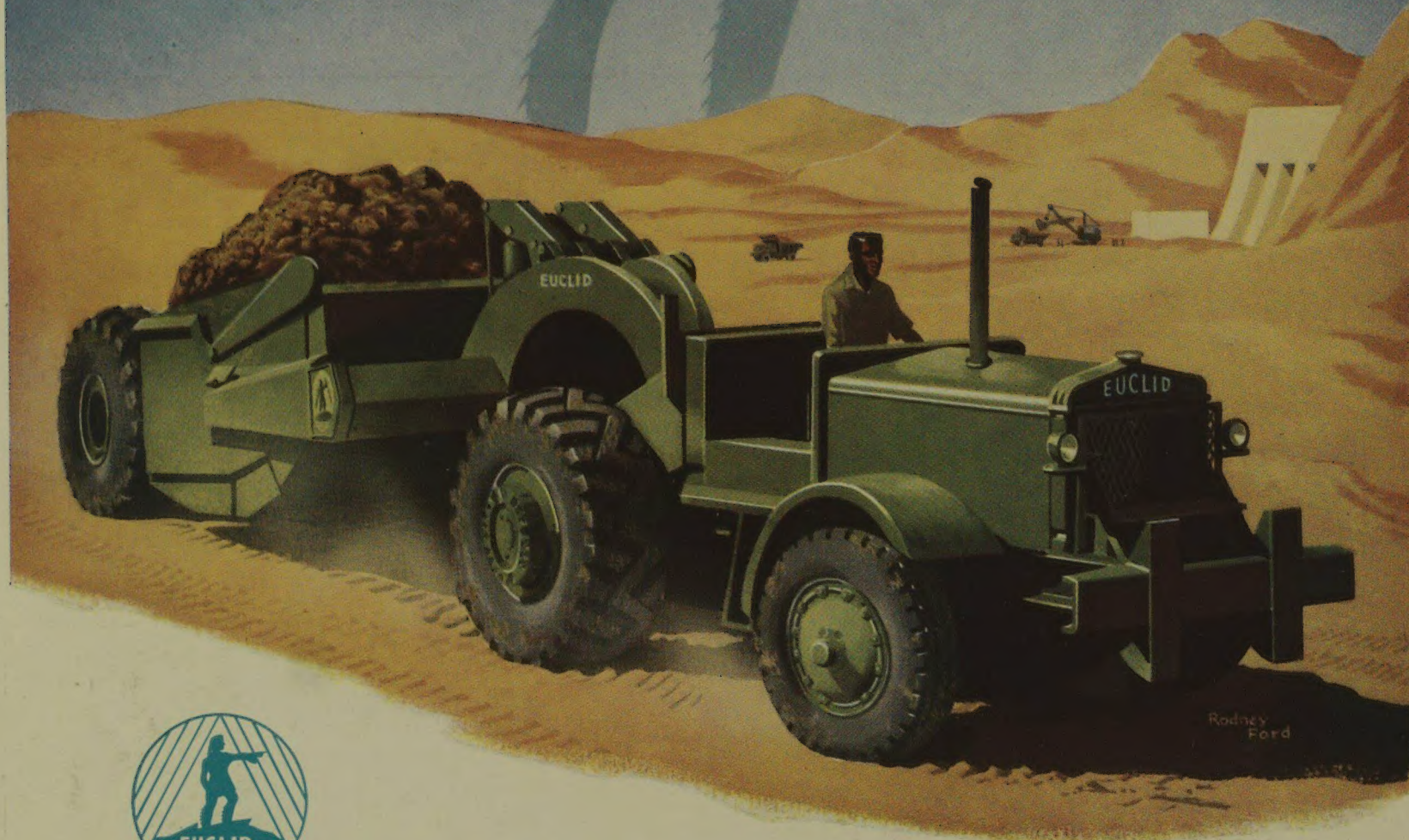
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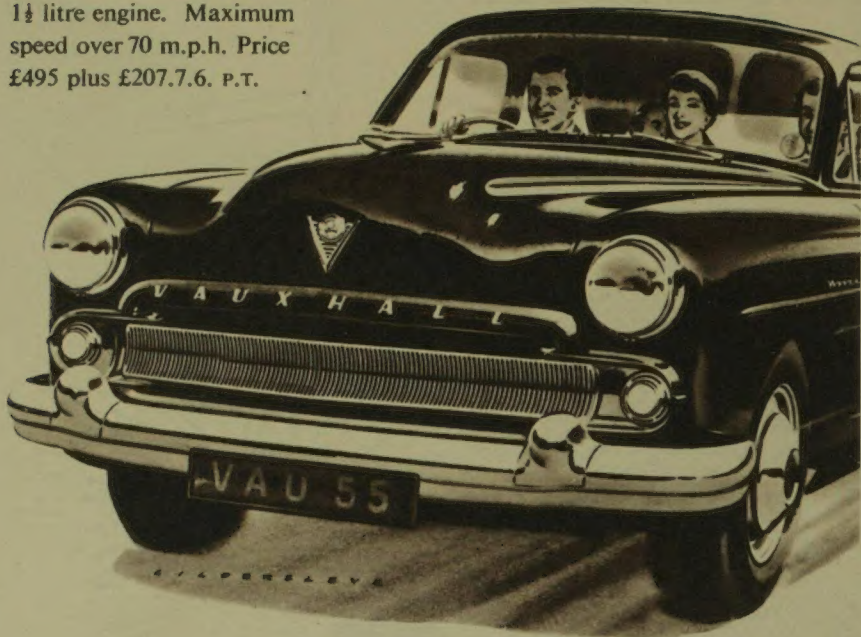
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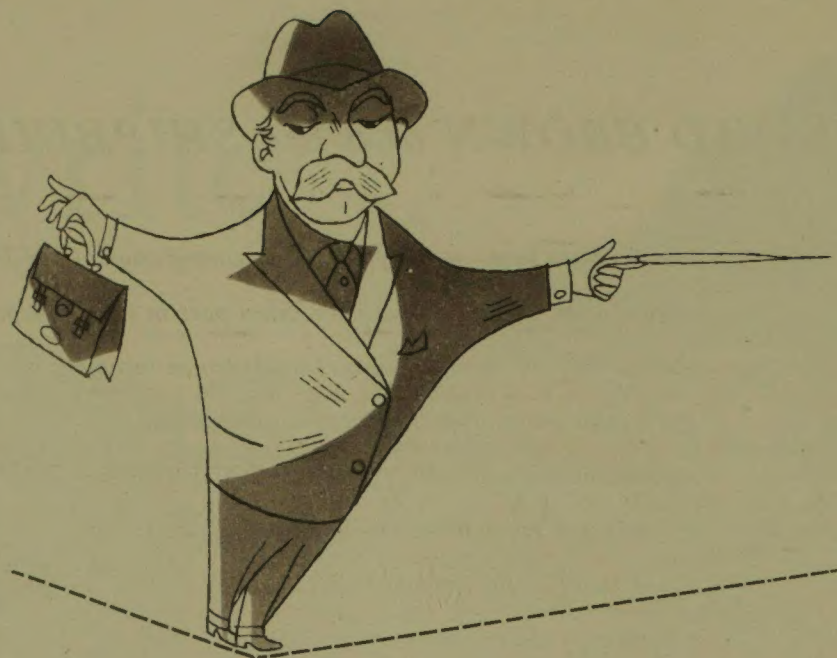
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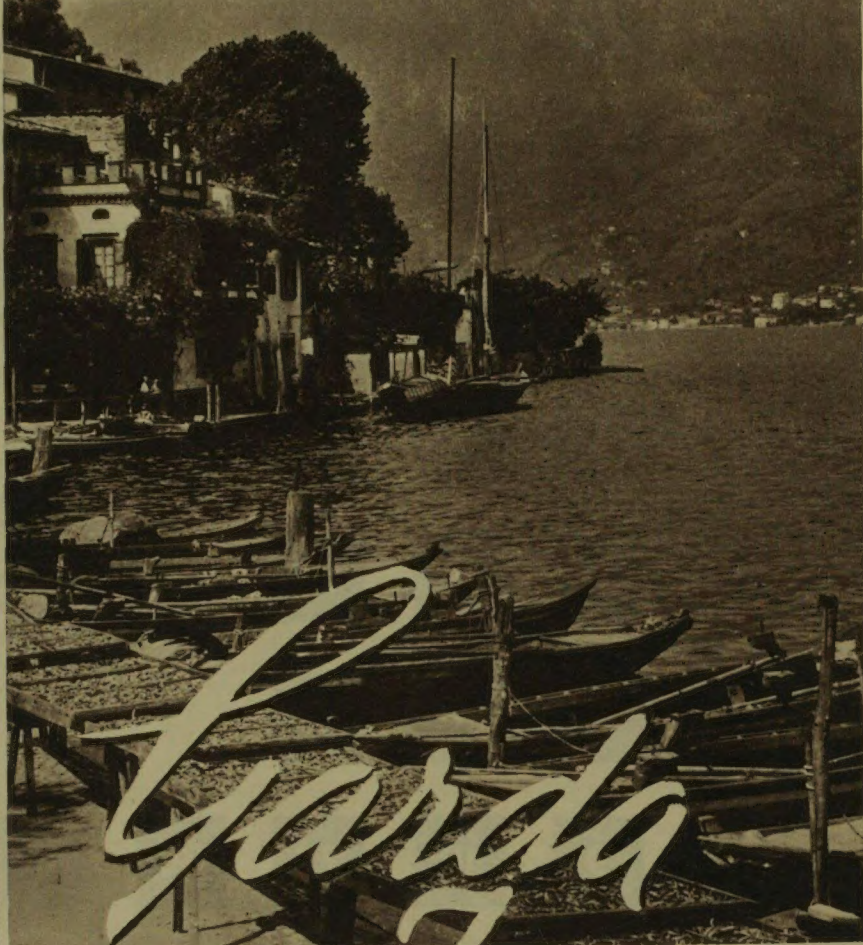
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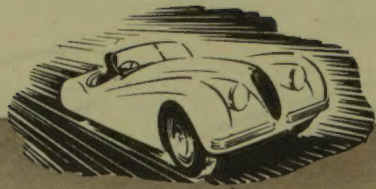


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SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1955.



THE DANISH GENIUS WHOSE FAIRY-TALES HAVE ENCHANTED GENERATIONS OF CHILDREN: HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN, BORN 150 YEARS AGO, WHOSE MEMORY IS HONOURED IN LONDON TO-DAY.

Hans Christian Andersen's fairy-tales bind children and grown-up people alike with a potent spell. He was born on April 2, 1805, just 150 years ago to-day, and to mark the anniversary, a special exhibition is being held at the National Book League H.Q. to illustrate his life and work. A highly imaginative and sensitive child, Hans Andersen was early attracted by the stage. He left his poor home in Odense for Copenhagen when a lad and tried to get theatrical work. Snubbed and

almost reduced to starvation at first, his gifts were later recognised by Jonas Collin, Director of the Royal Theatre. King Frederick VI. became interested in the strange boy; and provided funds for his education. He obtained some success with novels and travel books, but his genius found its expression in fairy-tales. Our portrait shows him in 1869 in the garden of Rolighed, a country place near Copenhagen where he died in 1875. [Copyright Royal Danish Ministry for Foreign Affairs.]





By ARTHUR BRYANT.

HUMAN beings never have much difficulty about feeling. The apparatus with which they were endowed by their Creator for doing so works admirably; indeed, one sometimes feels, almost too admirably! We are swayed by every passing wind of desire, anger, fear, resentment and jealousy, as well as by nobler emotions. Where we find our chief difficulty is in thinking, especially where our feelings are involved. And, unfortunately for us, the solution of most of our troubles lies far more in our capacity for thinking than in our capacity for feeling. Reliance on our feelings alone will generally get us into trouble. But the capacity to think clearly may often get us out of it.

Just at the moment everyone in this country naturally feels very strongly about the Hydrogen Bomb. We are frightened of it—for no country is so vulnerable or so likely a target for it as this overcrowded, overpopulated island—and we are very properly horrified by it. To do us justice, we are not horrified only because it threatens our own skins and, indeed, everything we possess, but because we regard its manufacture as a crime against humanity. It threatens the whole future of the human race, we feel, and is a kind of blasphemy in that its use must defeat God's purpose or—for some of us, it seems, do not believe in God—the conception of Progress, though why anyone who does not believe in God should believe in Progress is a thing I have never been able to understand. For this reason a considerable number of us—it remains yet to be seen how many—feel that its manufacture ought to be forbidden and that our Government, which has recently announced its intention of making the evil thing, ought to set the world a good example by refusing to manufacture anything so sinister and abominable. In much the same way, twenty and more years ago, a great many English men and women argued that because guns and tanks and bombers and battleships were highly destructive and murderous weapons, this country ought to do without them and, by virtue of their voting-power, succeeded, if not in abolishing their manufacture in England altogether, in ensuring that when war broke out again they were, for us though not for our enemies, in exceedingly short supply. As a result, by a curious paradox, a great many of our countrymen who as soldiers, sailors and airmen took up arms to resist an evil and tyrannical aggressor, were needlessly sacrificed and fell in battle or blitz because they lacked the necessary weapons with which to defend themselves and others. Good intentions, in other words, based on strong feeling but imperfect thinking, had a disastrous consequence. It was not British-made guns, tanks, bombers and battleships that killed these valiant young fighters for freedom and peace but the absence of these weapons. If we had had as strong an Air Force and tank force as Germany in 1939 there would probably have been no war, or, if there had been, it would have ended in our victory several years sooner, with a consequent enormous saving of life, and not only of British life. Things, it would appear, are not as simple as they seem, or rather, feel.

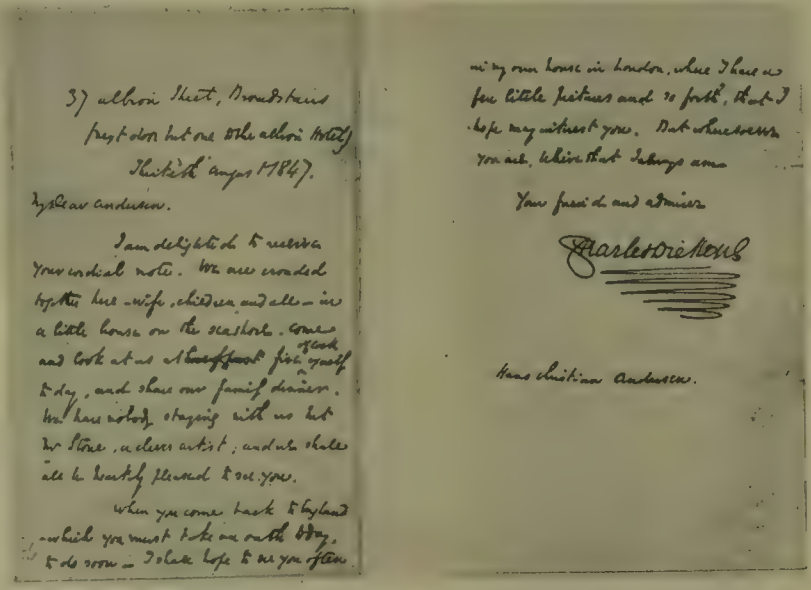
That we should forget all this so quickly is not, perhaps, to be wondered at, for it is in human nature to forget quickly. Moreover, even twenty-five years is a long time for those who are under forty, and about half of the population of the country is. So when I read the other day that a Member of Parliament had given up his seat as a protest against the Hydrogen Bomb and that a large number of well-meaning people, and particularly young people, were applauding him as a hero for doing so, I could see no reason for surprise. Were there any, it would mean that mankind had suddenly grown wiser, and it would clearly be foolish to assume any such thing. It is arguable—though certainly not provable—that the world is growing wiser gradually, but anyone who can read from its past that it is growing wiser rapidly is capable of finding more in history than I can! Dogs, it is said, return to their vomit, and man—and that goes for all of us—returns to his foolishness; otherwise it would be a very different world to what it is. And the assumption that, because ninety-nine men and women out of a hundred want nothing better than to be left in peace and quiet, the hundredth man who wants power is going to leave them in peace and quiet, is an inherent, ineradicable part of human folly. And because—as a result, I suppose, of our happy, sheltered history—there are probably more men and women in this country who want to be left in peace and quiet than in any other country in the world, this assumption appears to be more strongly held here than anywhere else. I should not be in the least astonished if the heroic ex-M.P. won his by-election.

And so what? Consider the facts of the situation—the facts, that is, that are indisputable. The Russians, or, to be more precise, the men who rule Russia from the Kremlin under a system against which there is no appeal and for whose critics there is no mercy, have manufactured and possess, according to their own account of things, the Hydrogen Bomb. We do not. These same men of the Kremlin have throughout their tenure of office persistently monopolised and sought power. They have subjected, and kept subjected to their rule, not only their own country but many others, including our former ally, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Rumania, Bulgaria, Hungary, Estonia, Lithuania, Latvia and Albania, and they have long sought and are seeking by every means, including military force, to extend their rule and system over such parts of Asia as they do not already control. When the war ended and Britain and America disarmed, they not only retained their immense wartime military forces but continued to strengthen them, though at the time no one was threatening them with invasion and no one possessed even a tithe of the military force that could have attempted it. Until America and Britain in self-defence, and in order to save the liberties of what was left of Europe and Asia, began reluctantly to rearm, after repeated and vain efforts to "appease" and reach a settlement with the unappeasable lords of the Kremlin, the only effective check on the Russian claim to unlimited power was the knowledge that America possessed the atom-bomb. And at the present moment, when Russia claims, probably correctly, the possession of the Hydrogen Bomb, probably the only consideration that prevents her from using it against those otherwise able to oppose her with more conventional but less effective weapons is the knowledge that America possesses a larger store of these terrible instruments.

Under these circumstances in what way is the cause of world peace and security, to say nothing of morality and liberty, likely to be served by Britain's refusal to manufacture the Hydrogen Bomb and so deter, so far as she is able, its use by an aggressor against himself? Unless she does this she can only avoid the alternative of annihilation or helpless subservience to the Kremlin at the expense of complete dependence on American protection, and protection, moreover, by the very weapon against whose manufacture her moral escapists protest. Nobody in this country wants to manufacture the Hydrogen Bomb and nobody in this country outside an asylum wants to use it. The only reason for manufacturing it is to prevent anyone using it against ourselves or against those whom we are morally bound to protect. The only person who can traverse this reasoning on logical grounds is the absolute pacifist—the man or woman, that is, who holds that every exercise of force is wrong and that submission is always a moral obligation. I do not believe that one person in ten thousand in this country really holds this view or, if applied to himself and his dear ones, would live up to it. And a true pacifist, I should here observe, does not believe that a refusal to resist an aggressor prevents the violence and enslavement that the latter threatens—as certain specious persons pretend, or deceive themselves into believing. He knows perfectly well that physical weakness in a world haunted by power-seekers means the destruction or enslavement of the weak. He merely, and most bravely, accepts such destruction and enslavement for himself, and, rather less bravely and excusably, for others.

No: for better or worse, the Hydrogen Bomb has been invented, and man in his corporate capacity possesses as a result the power to blow himself out of the world, not only a little earlier than he is bound to go in any case as an individual, but for good and all as a species. He cannot evade the issue or escape its consequences by hysterically refusing that power to those who represent his corporate ideals while leaving it in the sole hands of those who represent ideals which he abhors. The answer to man's new dilemma is not the ivory tower in the sky or the ostrich head in the sand. It is the acceptance of the terrible power—and trust—with which his own questing intelligence has so perilously invested him and of the fact that its misuse, either by himself or others, can bring our life on this planet to an end. And the more clearly that inescapable fact is demonstrated by him, the greater the chances that even the power-seekers will learn wisdom in time and quail at the certainty of self-annihilation that power-seeking by violence will henceforward bring in its train. "Out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety!" And if, instead, because we shun that trust out of fear, we leave mankind at the mercy of the Kremlin, we shall not only be blown out of the world we have betrayed, but we shall deserve to be.

A DICKENS LETTER TO HANS ANDERSEN.



ILLUSTRATING THE ADMIRATION AND AFFECTION WHICH EXISTED BETWEEN THE TWO GREAT AUTHORS: A LETTER FROM CHARLES DICKENS INVITING HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN TO VISIT HIM.

Copyright Royal Danish Ministry for Foreign Affairs.

Hans Christian Andersen, the Danish author of famous fairy tales (b. April 2, 1805), counted among his friends and correspondents a number of celebrated British men and women, including Charles Dickens, Wilkie Collins, Edmund Gosse and Lady Blessington. The letter from Charles Dickens to Andersen which we reproduce was written at the close of the latter's first visit to this country. It runs as follows:

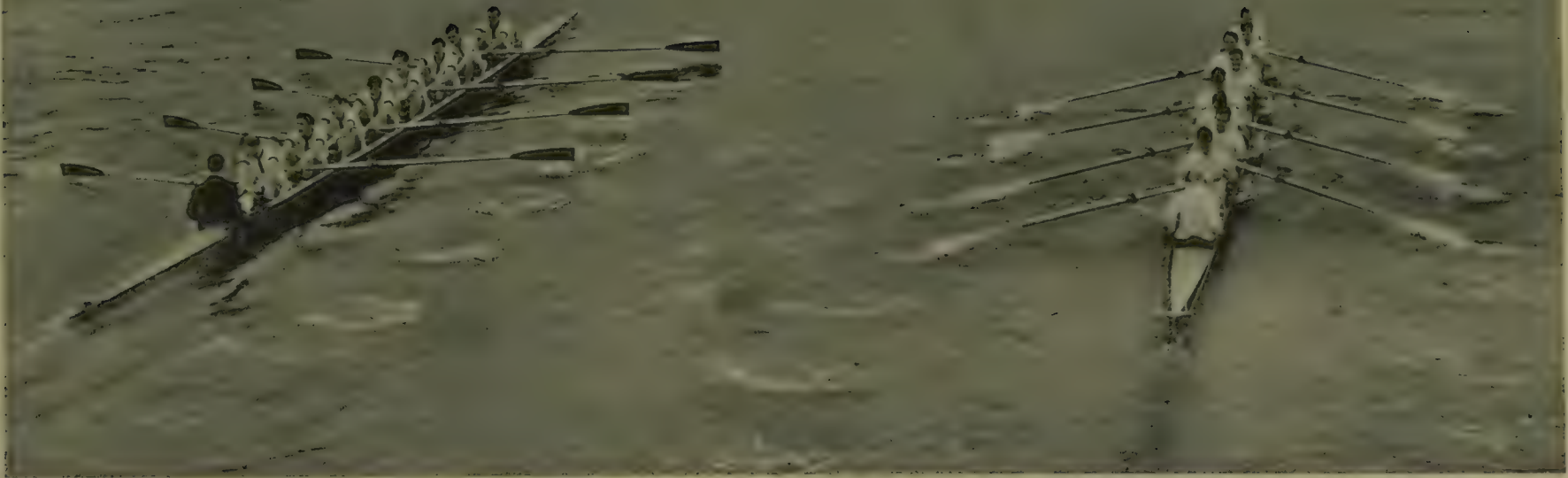
"37, Albion Street, Broadstairs.  
(next door but one to the Albion Hotel).  
Thirtieth August, 1847.

My dear Andersen,  
I am delighted to receive your cordial note. We are crowded together here—wife, children and all—in a little house on the seashore. Come and look at us at five o'clock exactly to-day, and share our family dinner. We have nobody staying with us but Mr. Stone, a clever artist; and we shall all be heartily pleased to see you.  
When you come back to England—which you must take an oath to-day, to do soon—I shall hope to see you often in my own house in London, where I have a few little pictures and so forth that I hope may interest you. But wheresoever you are, believe that I always am  
Your friend and admirer,  
CHARLES DICKENS.

Hans Christian Andersen."

After their meeting in 1847 Dickens and Hans Andersen kept up a cordial correspondence; and in 1857 Andersen stayed for five weeks in England, partly at Gad's Hill, partly in Tavistock House in London with Dickens, but Dickens' feelings cooled off; and after the visit their correspondence ceased. Hans Andersen's life and work is further illustrated on pages 596-597.





THE RIVAL CREWS AS THEY APPEARED JUST BEFORE HAMMERSMITH BRIDGE, WHICH WAS REACHED IN THE VERY FAST TIME OF 6 MINS. 46 SECS.: THE OXFORD BOAT (LEFT) WITH THE CAMBRIDGE BOAT ALMOST LEVEL WITH IT.



AT THE END OF THE GRUELLING RACE IN WHICH, THOUGH DEFEATED BY A BIG MARGIN, THEY ROWED GALLANTLY AND NEVER GAVE UP: THE OXFORD CREW, SHOWING SIGNS OF EXHAUSTION AFTER THEIR TREMENDOUS EFFORT.



CAMBRIDGE WINNING THE 1955 BOAT RACE BY SIXTEEN LENGTHS FROM OXFORD (EXTREME RIGHT; IN FRONT OF THE CROWD OF LAUNCHES): THE SCENE AT THE FINISH.

# THE INTER-UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE: CAMBRIDGE'S IMPRESSIVE VICTORY OVER OXFORD BY SIXTEEN LENGTHS IN 19 MINS. 10 SECS.

The result of the Boat Race, one of our greatest and most popular sporting fixtures, rowed over the Putney to Mortlake course on Saturday last, March 26, was an impressive victory for the heavy Cambridge crew. They won from Oxford by sixteen lengths, the second largest margin in Boat Race history, only exceeded by Cambridge's twenty lengths in 1900. Oxford won the toss and chose the sheltered Surrey side. The pace to Hammersmith was tremendous; it was

reached in 6 mins. 46 secs., almost equalling the record, with Oxford apparently going very well. But on the outside of the bend the heavy Cambridge crew spurted, and at the Doves had gained three-quarters of a length, while at the Eyot they were clear. Oxford were still rowing gallantly when the rough water of Corney was reached, but it could be seen that their bolt was shot. The power and weight of the Cambridge crew carried them to victory, and Harris coxed them superbly.





TAKING BECHER'S BROOK THE FIRST TIME ROUND: THE SCENE AS TWO HORSES FELL. THIS YEAR NO JOCKEYS WERE INJURED OR HORSES KILLED IN THE RACE.



OUT OF THE RACE AT THE FIRST FENCE: MARINER'S LOG, ONE OF THE THIRTY RUNNERS, COMING A CROPPER DURING THE OPENING STAGES OF THE GRAND NATIONAL.



AFTER TAKING BECHER'S, WHICH WAS ALTERED THIS YEAR TO AFFORD ADDITIONAL SAFETY TO THE RUNNERS: THE SCENE DURING THE FIRST CIRCUIT.



TAKING BECHER'S THE SECOND TIME ROUND: QUARE TIMES (10), THE WINNER, LEADING THE FIELD, AND CAREY'S COTTAGE, CLEARING THE JUMP (RIGHT).



AT BECHER'S BROOK (FIRST CIRCUIT): (L. TO R.) STEEL LOCK (28); QUARE TIMES, THE WINNER (10); E.S.B. (9), FALLING; MOOGIE (27) AND ROMAN FIRE (32).



A MOMENT LATER: THREE HORSES ARE DOWN, WHILE THE OTHERS GALLOP PAST AFTER CLEARING BECHER'S DURING THE FIRST CIRCUIT.



THE 1955 Grand National was won at Aintree, on March 26, by Mrs. Cicely Welman's *Quare Times*, ridden by P. Taafe, which finished twelve lengths ahead of *Tudor Line*, ridden by G. Slack, with *Carey's Cottage*, ridden by T. Taafe, four lengths away, third. The race was run in appalling weather conditions, but the time of 10 mins. 20½ secs. was just over a minute longer than the record time. The horses jumped only twenty-nine fences: the water jump was cut out because of the exceptionally heavy state of the going. For the first time since 1950 the race

(Continued opposite.)

(LEFT.) AT Aintree TO WATCH HER HORSE: QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER HOLDING AN UMBRELLA.

(RIGHT.) FIRST AT THE POST: QUARE TIMES, RIDDEN BY P. TAAFFE, WINNING THE 1955 GRAND NATIONAL.



was attended by Royalty, and despite the rain the crowd gave a very warm welcome to H.M. the Queen, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, and Princess Margaret. Among the thirty runners was the Queen Mother's horse *M'as-tu-u-u*, who ran well before falling four fences from the finish. The result of the race was a great triumph for the Irish trainer, Mr. M. V. O'Brien, who created a record by saddling the winner for the third successive year. The winning jockey was P. Taafe, from Ireland, whose brother, T. Taafe, finished third on *Carey's Cottage*. Despite the treacherous conditions, there were no serious accidents this year.

(LEFT.) LEADING IN THE WINNER: MRS. C. WELMAN LEADING QUARE TIMES, WITH P. TAAFFE IN THE SADDLE.

(RIGHT.) RETURNING FROM THE PADDOCK WITH LORD SEPTON: H.M. THE QUEEN AT Aintree, FOR THE GRAND NATIONAL.





## OUR ROYAL FAMILY'S ACTIVITIES, AND A NORWEGIAN PRINCESS-STUDENT.



AT THE H.Q. NO. 19 GROUP R.A.F., MOUNT BATTEN: THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER.

H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester, Air Chief-Commandant of the W.R.A.F., returned to London on March 23, after her tour of R.A.F. stations in the West Country. She visited the Air Station, St. Eval, the H.Q. No. 19 Group, Mount Batten, and the Medical Rehabilitation Centre, Collaton Cross.



AFTER LUNCHING AT DRAPERS' HALL: H.M. THE QUEEN PLANTING A MULBERRY-TREE.

After she had honoured the Court of the Drapers' Company by lunching at Drapers' Hall on March 22, the Queen planted a mulberry-tree in the garden. Mr. H. Farmar, clerk to the Company, is shown behind the tree; the Master, Colonel F. C. Stern, is behind her Majesty, and the beadle, Mr. J. D. Castle, is on the right.



THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER IN GERMANY: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS WITH A GROUP OF OFFICERS.

H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester returned on March 24, after a visit to the British Army of the Rhine. He arrived at Wahn Airport on March 21; visited units of the R.A.O.C., and spent a night with the 2nd Bn. Scots Guards, of which regiment he is Colonel, at Hubbelrath.



ADMIRING A STATUE OF MISS MARGOT FONTEYN (MME. ARIAS): THE QUEEN AT THE R.A. SCHOOLS.



WITH HER TEACHER: PRINCESS ASTRID OF NORWAY, A HOUSEKEEPING STUDENT.

Princess Astrid has just completed a course of housekeeping in which she proved an apt pupil. In addition to ordinary practical studies, the course included instruction in the art of lacquering tulips in order to preserve them to form an economical form of interior decoration.



AT THE GALA SADLER'S WELLS PERFORMANCE AT COVENT GARDEN: PRINCESS MARGARET AND LORD WAVERLEY.

Princess Margaret, President of the Sadler's Wells Foundation, attended the gala performance of the Sadler's Wells Ballet at Covent Garden on March 22, in aid of the Sadler's Wells Ballet Benevolent Fund and Sadler's Wells School. The programme was designed to display the versatility of the company.



THE QUEEN AT THE R.A. SCHOOLS: HER MAJESTY ACCEPTING A ROSE FROM THE PRESIDENT, PROFESSOR A. E. RICHARDSON, ON ARRIVAL.

Her Majesty the Queen, on March 24, visited the Royal Academy Schools. On arrival the President, Professor Richardson, showed her a bust of George III. (founder of the Academy) modelled by a student. He took a red rose from the effigy's right hand and presented it to the Queen. She then saw the students

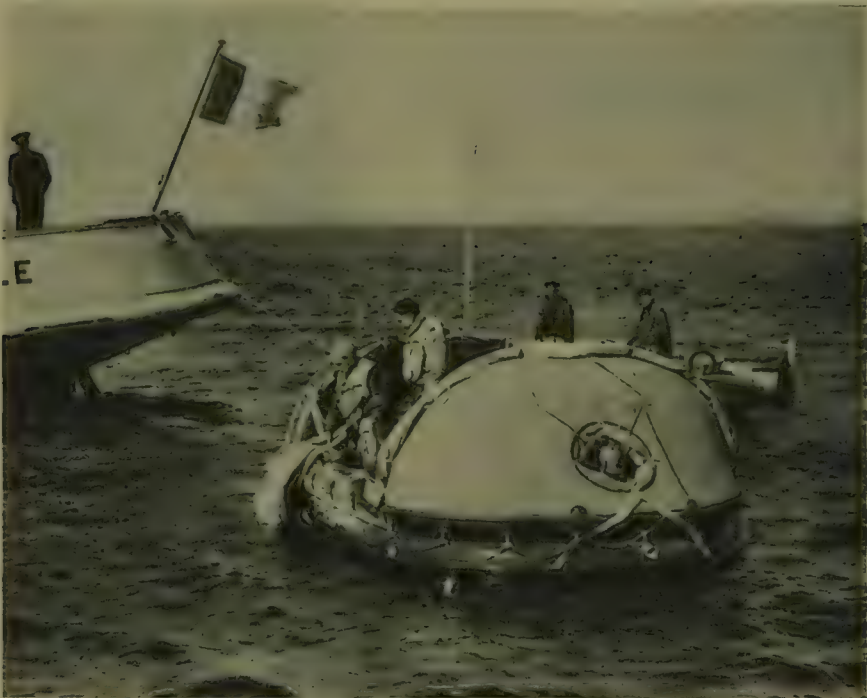


EXAMINING THE PAINT-BOX USED BY QUEEN VICTORIA: THE QUEEN AT THE R.A. SCHOOLS, WITH (LEFT) MR. RUSHBURY AND (RIGHT) THE PRESIDENT.

at work, visited the Library, inspected various historic relics, including the paint-box used by her great-great-grandmother, Queen Victoria, and accepted from Miss Julia Heseltine, daughter of Miss Anna Zinkeisen (Mrs. Heseltine), a portfolio of pictures painted and drawn by students for the Royal children.



NAVAL, MILITARY AND PRESS OCCASIONS,  
SPORTING EVENTS, AND NATURAL HISTORY.



TO TEST DR. BOMBARD'S THEORY OF SURVIVAL ON SEA-WATER, PLANKTON AND RAW FISH:  
FRENCH NAVAL VOLUNTEERS EMBARKING ON A RAFT NEAR BREST.  
To test the theory which Dr. Bombard tested himself, namely, that shipwrecked mariners can survive for long periods on raw fish, plankton and sea-water, ten French Navy volunteers were cast adrift in the Brest Estuary on a raft on March 22, for six days. By March 27, only three were left on the raft.



WATCHING A SIMULATED ATOM-BOMB EXPLOSION IN GERMANY: THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER (L.),  
COLONEL OF THE SCOTS GUARDS, DURING A VISIT TO THEIR TRAINING AREA.  
On March 21 the Duke of Gloucester (another photograph of whom appears elsewhere in this issue) arrived in Western Germany for a brief visit to the British Army of the Rhine. He visited several units, and on March 23 went to the Scots Guards' training area at Hubbelsrath and watched simulated atomic warfare.



SOME OF THE SIXTY-THREE PILOT WHALES WHICH WERE FATALLY STRANDED AT THE  
POINT OF COTT ON THE ORKNEY ISLAND OF WESTRAY, ON MARCH 14.  
Of large numbers of pilot whales which came close inshore to the Island of Westray on the high spring tide of the night of March 13-14, sixty-three were stranded the following day. Within two days all but six were dead; and the question of their disposal was posing a problem for the local authorities.



M. COTY, THE FRENCH PRESIDENT, SHAKING HANDS WITH CLIFF MORGAN, THE OUTSIDE HALF  
OF THE WELSH RUGBY TEAM, BEFORE THE MATCH IN WHICH WALES BEAT FRANCE 16-11.  
On form it was expected that the Welsh Rugby XV. would lose to France at Paris on March 26, in the last match of the season, and that France would thus become for the first time undisputed champions. Wales, however, seized the lead and held it, and the two countries share the championship.



PROPOSING THE HEALTH OF THE DAILY HERALD: MR. ATTLEE SPEAKING AT THE LUNCHEON  
WHICH MARKED THE SILVER JUBILEE OF THE PAPER, ON MARCH 17.  
Our photograph, taken at the *Daily Herald's* twenty-fifth anniversary luncheon at the Connaught Rooms, shows (l. to r.) Sir Vincent Tewson, a director of the paper and Secretary of the T.U.C.; Mr. Attlee; Mr. W. Surrey Dane, chairman of the *Daily Herald*; and Mrs. Attlee.



MISS P. MOSS, THE WINNER OF THE FIRST "LADIES ONLY" MOTOR RACE AT GOODWOOD  
SINCE THE WAR, BEING CONGRATULATED BY HER BROTHER, MR. S. MOSS.  
In the first all-women's handicap motor-race on the Goodwood Circuit since the war, Miss Pat Moss, aged twenty, won at her first attempt, driving an M.G. Sports. Miss P. Burt (Aston-Martin) was second; Miss H. Dunham (A.C.), third; and Miss A. Brown (Aston-Martin), fourth.



## THE EMERGENCE OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

"The Decisive Battles of the Western World, and Their Influence upon History." Volume Two. "From the defeat of the Spanish Armada to the Battle of Waterloo"; by Major-General J. F. C. Fuller, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O.\*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

THE title, "The Decisive Battles of the Western World," will remind people of my generation of Sir Edward Creasy's "The Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World." Creasy was no soldier, but a lawyer and professor of history who ultimately became Chief-Justice of Ceylon. I remember little about his book, except that it was from that work, when I was twelve or so, that I first learnt about the Battle of Tours, at which Charles the Hammer checked the Moslem Hordes. But my recollection is that the concentration

obliged to concentrate, as material for his lecture, on one or two episodes: preferably on episodes the General's treatment of which he might argue to be hopelessly misguided. The period of time covered by this second volume is by no means as long as that dealt with in the first, which took the reader—breathless, unless he paused awhile to get a second, and then one more, wind—from Salamis and Plataea to Lepanto, a matter of 2000 years. Not so many centuries are covered in Volume II., which begins with the rivalry,

after the discovery of the New World, between England and Spain, and the consequent sailing of, and defeat of, the Armada, and closes with the Duke of Wellington's "d—d near-run thing," the Battle of Waterloo. But documentation becomes ever fuller and fuller as time goes on: had General Fuller had at his disposal Athenian newspapers of the time of Marathon, Brutus's diary kept until the eve of Philippi, and the memoirs of knights-at-arms who charged, and archers who drew their bows, at Creçy, and so on, his first volume might well have been divided into two, three or four. In addition to that, there is a tendency amongst humans (except those who prefer to revel in legends, which are certainly often pleasanter than facts) to think recent events more momentous than remote ones, which, in Wordsworth's phrase, are thought of as:

Old, unhappy, far-off things  
And battles long ago.

Yet there never was a "decisive" battle the rings from which have not spread all over the human pool. Had the Greeks lost Marathon, or the Pole Sobieski not turned the Turks back from Vienna, Europe might by now have been swamped by Asia, and this article (worded rather differently, I honestly admit) might reappear in Peking or Peru as being (in Sir Max Beerbohm's phrase) "translated from the original Gibrish."

wine of the Declaration of Independence, and Louis XVI., signing a Treaty of Alliance with the young United States, signed his own death-warrant.

When General Fuller digresses to muse he is always refreshing. He does, occasionally, pause to ruminate on modes of waging war. All my life I have met well-meaning cranks who have held the view that humanising war meant making it tolerable, and that if it were made utterly appalling, the human race (which, after all, does not consist of a few members of an idealistic Society, free from the Seven Deadly Sins, and their concomitant auxiliaries, Stupidity and Credulity) would, as with one voice, exclaim: "This shall be no more!" What has happened in our time? We have become sceptical and hardened: accustomed to breaking of faith, and inured to the most indiscriminate of attacks. The Prussians had, at the start, no patience with civilisation. The bewildered Bethmann-Hollweg's whining plea that they shouldn't be deemed guilty because they had torn up a "mere scrap of paper"—the Treaty as to the inviolability of Belgium—inaugurated an age in which nobody trusts anybody else's signature, though there were innocents who thought that "The Kellogg Pact," which actually Outlawed War, would produce the Golden Age. The German indiscriminate bombing of civilians, shooting at swimming sailors in the sea, use of poison-gas, started another *dégingolade*. We embarked on no aerial reprisals in the First War; our motto was, "We shall not sink to their level." Then came Hiroshima: tens of thousands of people, men, women, children, missionaries and, possibly, British prisoners, obliterated, and others doomed, over long years, to pernicious, and ultimately fatal, disease. Then came the second Atom Bomb at Nagasaki: I have never heard an explanation of that: perhaps somebody in America could not bear from experimenting with a second test of a new and beautiful toy. But as for the human race being shocked into decency, I can only say that, the morning after

Hiroshima, I met a man in the street who said to me, "The Japs seem to have had a bit of a pasting."

General Fuller broods over that when he describes the Wars of the Eighteenth Century, the truces during which opposing armies entertained each other with banquets and balls. He says that those methods of conducting war were caused, not merely by "abhorrence of the unlimited barbarities of the Thirty Years War and the realisation that wars between gentlemen are preferable to wars between cads, but also the growing cost of regular, standing armies coupled with the deficiencies of their commissariat and the slowness of supply by requisitioning." He quotes Marshal Foch as saying that he had no use for wars with "limited" ends. His comment is: "Well may it be asked: if wars are to be, are not limited ends preferable to unlimited ones? Is not the behaviour at Pizzighetone wiser and more rational than the behaviour at the Battle of the Somme in 1916, or at the bombing of Hiroshima in 1945?"

To which, I think, there is no answer. I should add that the book is full of admirable comments on the waging of war in general, and battles in particular. As for details—well, Goethe was at Valmy, and recorded it, in the train of his Duke of Weimar.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 616 of this issue.



THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: MAJOR-GENERAL J. F. C. FULLER. Major-General John Frederick Charles Fuller, late Oxfordshire and Bucks Light Infantry, was born in 1878. He served with distinction in the South African War and World War I. He is the author of a large number of books on military subjects including: "Training Soldiers for War" (1914); "Tanks in the Great War" (1920); "Memoirs of an Unconventional Soldier" (1936); and "The Second World War" (1948).



AFTER HOISTING THE EGYPTIAN FLAG OVER THE SHALLOUFA BASE: LIEUT-COLONEL NASSER, EGYPT'S PRIME MINISTER, HANDING A COMMAND FLAG TO AN EGYPTIAN AIR FORCE OFFICER.

was on the battles, the select Fifteen, rather than on the historical background. General Fuller's canvas is wider, his historical survey more panoramic; his battles are beads on a stout historical string; and the second part of his title indicates his approach. He devotes his main attention not merely to the results of his battles—some of them, in the eyes of contemporaries no more than small local affrays—but to the events which led up to them, like the premonitory signs of an abscess which is bound in the end to come to a head and burst. So sound is his general political knowledge (and, it may be added, so broad his culture and so easy and graphic his style, and so diverse his documentary illustrations) that even a reader incurious about strategy, tactics, and the development and use of weapons—military technique in general, that is—might find him a fascinating narrator of a few chapters in the chequered story of the human race, through which some fortunate men have been able to see "one increasing purpose" running.

It is impossible to discuss, or even describe, the whole contents of this substantial and crowded volume. Even Macaulay, with great slabs of the *Edinburgh Review* at his disposal, would have been



DURING THE CEREMONY AT SHALLOUFA, THE FIRST BRITISH ARMY ESTABLISHMENT IN THE SUEZ ZONE TO BE TRANSFERRED TO THE EGYPTIAN ARMY: LIEUT-COLONEL NASSER ADDRESSING THE EGYPTIAN TROOPS ON PARADE.

On March 22 the Egyptian Prime Minister, Lieut-Colonel Nasser, hoisted the Egyptian flag over the Shalloufa base, the first British Army establishment in the Suez Zone to be handed over to the Egyptian Army under the Anglo-Egyptian evacuation agreement. The ceremony was originally arranged for March 15, but a sandstorm blew away the platform and the ceremony had to be postponed.

The most momentous chapters of General Fuller's book are those which deal with the American Rebellion and its consequences. His decisive battles include Chesapeake, where a British fleet, badly commanded (had only a Nelson been there), allowed a French fleet to sheer off and get reinforcements, and Yorktown, where the army opposed to the British was half-French. The French took back to France, the heady

\* "The Decisive Battles of the Western World and Their Influence upon History": Vol. II. "From the defeat of the Spanish Armada to the Battle of Waterloo." By Major-General J. F. C. Fuller, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O. 33 Maps and Plans. (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 35s.)





A NEIGHBOUR OF THE "LOST VALLEY" TRIBES OF NEW GUINEA: A TARI TRIBESMAN IN FULL ARRAY, STANDING BESIDE ONE OF THE "FIGHTING DITCHES" OF THE DISTRICT.

In our issues of July 10 and September 4 last year we published an article and numerous photographs on the so-called "lost valley" of New Guinea, the "Shangri-la" among the Muller and Karius Ranges; and also on the Tari district and its tribesmen. The Tari natives are the nearest neighbours to the newly-discovered tribes of the landlocked valleys, and it is now fairly clear that they are very similar in culture, dress and agricultural methods—a fact which

adds great interest to the colour photographs taken by Mr. Lloyd Yelland, Officer-in-Charge of Medical Services at Tari, which are reproduced on these two pages. The tribesman shown above is wearing the characteristic wig, the back tuft of leaves and frontal "sporan." In his belt is a cassowary bone dagger and he carries an unstrung bow and arrows; and over his shoulder is the *kiapa*, or string bag, in which he carries most of his portable possessions.





AN ADMINISTRATION PATROL CROSSING A NATIVE-STYLE BRIDGE MADE FROM JUNGLE VINES AND BAMBOO. THOUGH APPARENTLY FLIMSY, THESE BRIDGES CARRY A GOOD LOAD, BUT FOR EUROPEANS THEIR CROSSING CALLS FOR STEADINESS AND NERVE.



A DISTRICT SERVICES PATROL IN THE TARI COUNTRY BUILDING A TEMPORARY BRIDGE OVER A SWOLLEN STREAM. PRIMITIVE NEW GUINEA TRIBES HAVE DEVELOPED CONSIDERABLE SKILL AND INGENUITY IN BUILDING SUCH BRIDGES.



A GROUP OF TARI TRIBESMEN IN CEREMONIAL GARB—COMPARE WITH THE PREVIOUS PAGE. THE LARGE LABEL-LIKE OBJECT IS THE *PURLABA*, OR "TAIL-PIECE," MADE FROM PANDANUS LEAVES AND DECORATED WITH RED OCHRE.



THE FACIAL DECORATIONS OF TARI TRIBESMEN DRESSED FOR AN IMPORTANT CEREMONY. THE MAKE-UP TAKES SEVERAL HOURS TO PREPARE, AND EACH MAN PAINTS HIS FRIEND'S FACE, AND THE RÔLES ARE THEN REVERSED.



TWO TARI TRIBESMEN WHO HAVE "GRADUATED" IN THE FINAL INITIATION CEREMONY. THEY HAVE BEEN UNDER SEVERE DISCIPLINE, WITH LITTLE SLEEP FOR THREE DAYS, HENCE THEIR SOMEWHAT DAZED EXPRESSION.



A TARI TRIBESMAN WEARING HIS "EVERYDAY" WIG, DECORATED WITH THE YELLOW AND PURPLE EVERLASTINGS SPECIALLY GROWN FOR THE PURPOSE. ROUND HIS NECK IS THE PRECIOUS *KINA* OF MOTHER-OF-PEARL SHELL.

## FROM THE STONE AGE TO TO-DAY IN THREE YEARS: TARI TRIBESMEN OF NEW GUINEA.

The Tari Basin, the home of the tribesmen shown in the colour photographs on this page, lies in central New Guinea, on the southern side of the Muller Range, which forms the backbone of the eastern end of the island. It has only recently been brought under Australian Government control; and indeed, in her article in our issue of July 10, 1954, Miss K. Vellacott-Jones wrote: "The Tari people somersaulted from the Stone Age into the twentieth century when the first Administration station was established in the valley in the middle of 1952." At this date, however, they had a somewhat elaborate agricultural system and also a fondness for tribal wars, usually conducted on an almost "sporting" system, hostilities generally breaking off when it was felt that honour and the desire for a little excitement had been satisfied. Since the coming of the Administration tribal warfare has been under a ban and differences are submitted to the arbitration of the courts; and the Tari tribesmen have welcomed the Australian administrators and have co-operated with them willingly. They have cheerfully laboured to create an airstrip and in making roads. The "fighting ditches" shown on the previous page, besides acting as defences, fences against destructive animals, and boundaries, were also used as footpaths. The ditches are 15 to 20 ft. deep, with almost vertical sides, and formed a formidable barrier to surprise attack. Since the area came under Administration influence about two

or three years ago, inter-tribal fighting has ceased, except for occasional small isolated clashes, and the natives no longer use the ditches as "walk-ways." Instead they are building standard-type roads under Government encouragement and using these in their visits to the Station. As yet there is no use for money in the area and the tribesmen are paid for labour in trade goods, the most popular being types of sea-shells which are used for making ceremonial and ornamental garb and which were formerly brought into the district over the ancient trade routes to the coast. Other items much in demand are tomahawks and knives, cosmetic paints for facial and body decoration, salt and looking-glasses. Possession of a mirror enables a native to make his own facial decoration and adjust the ornamenting of his wig. Until mirrors were introduced recently, these tasks could only be done by a friend, and no one had the pleasure of seeing himself all dressed up for key ceremonial occasions. The standard everyday dress of a Tari man is a wig, mother-of-pearl shell round his neck and a string of smaller *giri-giri* shells, his *kiapa* or string-bag, a narrow G-string which supports a frontal apron of woven string and a "sporrán" decorated with the tufts of pigs' tails, and at the back a cluster of leaves. In his waist band he carries a bone ornamental dagger made from the thigh bone of a cassowary.



PEOPLE in the mass are not students of international affairs. They read some accounts and miss others. What they do read may be in snippets. They forget much of it and may retain only a vague or even a garbled memory of the rest. Thus, if a number of facts about some great affair which have, for the most part, been revealed bit by bit are assembled and published with official backing, it all comes to them as fresh and perhaps astonishing. If it is agreeable, they are pleased; if it is unpleasant they are disappointed or angered. This has been illustrated by world reactions to the papers on the Yalta Conference, recently published in Washington. At the time of writing it is not possible to say how much that is really new has been included in the American publication, but it is already clear that most of the passages which have created comment have previously appeared, though not always in the same form. This is true of the majority of those which have caused most surprise and resentment.

Few are likely to disagree with the above words as a generality. It does not follow, however, that they constitute a justification for the action of the United States State Department. Statecraft should take account of the foibles of mankind and of the possibility that a shock may have unhappy effects, even when in logic it ought not to be a shock. The effects in such a case may be as bad as if the unpleasant records were being revealed for the first time. This publication, though brought about by domestic issues in the United States, was bound to become an international affair. It came at a critical moment. In particular, the debate in the French Council of the Republic on the Paris agreements lay in the near future, and a new French Government was in want of all the support and encouragement, within and without, that could be given it. The Saar problem was unsolved and calling for early solution. A split in the second political party in this country was partly caused by what the rebels describe as opposition to "the rigid allegiance to the Anglo-American Alliance at all cost." This does not end the list of issues affected.

The reactions in the Federal Republic of Germany appear to have been slight. Though deeply divided on the question of rearmament, the country is in sober mood. Perhaps publicists are not displeased to find confirmation of the view they have preached, that Yalta was a conference of which the participants should be ashamed. Discussion about the dismemberment of Germany was, none the less, natural, and a reflection of that which was going on in intelligent circles outside the Governments concerned. The British Prime Minister was moderate by comparison with the American President; the former talked of dividing Germany in two; the latter of splitting the country into six. At the same time, there is clear proof that both the Americans and the British expressed objections to Germany's loss of territory up to the Oder-Niesse line, one of the most arbitrary decisions arising out of the war and equalled only by the rape of Polish territory.

Indignation in France seems to be hotter, and it is not hard to see why. The war was still on, and France was an ally, whereas Germany was an enemy in arms. France had not been invited to Yalta, and her unhappy state was discussed with a coolness which might be taken to indicate absence of sympathy. Moreover, France is at the moment in a more touchy frame of mind than Western Germany, readier to feel herself slighted and to take offence. Yet here again it is to be noted that Sir Winston Churchill comes out first in the generosity stakes, President Roosevelt second, and Stalin tailed off. The last-named wanted to exclude France from the future Control Commission in Germany, which would have been a serious insult. This was one of the relatively few matters on which he did not get his way.

From the British point of view, one of the most odious subjects is the private and secret talk of Mr. Roosevelt and Stalin, when the President of the United States, behind the back of his British partner and friend, told Stalin of his hope that the British would hand back the sovereignty of Hong Kong to China. There was nothing to be ashamed of morally

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

### AMERICAN REVELATIONS ABOUT YALTA.

By CYRIL FALLS,

*Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.*

in such a hope: it represented merely sanctimonious sentimentality, which does not amount to a moral offence, though its result may be as bad. This, it may be said, is one of the cases in which the information had already been published, but those who feel fresh resentment now can be excused. Beside that passage, one in which the President said that he hoped to keep the British out of participation in the trusteeship of Korea—while Stalin considered they ought to be included—is a matter of secondary importance. I have no information to show that we were itching to be in.

The most interesting and significant notes are those on the opening day, February 4, 1945. Over the dinner-table a discussion took place on the rights of great nations. It was a subject much in vogue, and some rather cynical statements on it had already appeared in the Press. They had the excuse that the writers remembered the procedure of the League of Nations, when the representatives of small States trooped to vote for adventurous, idealistic policies,

could do to prevent Russia from acting as she chose.

Russia's part does not require a commentary. Her policy had been purely selfish since the day when she made a pact with Hitler's Germany and agreed to divide the spoils of Poland. As regards the United States there is more to be said. The President was a dying man. His attitude at Yalta was not that of Franklin D. Roosevelt at his best. In any case, as is well known, he entertained the fantastic belief that Britain was likely to be a greater danger to the peace of the world than Soviet Russia. The very word "imperialism" was a red rag to him, though under his kinsman Theodore the United States had been high-handed in world affairs. He could condemn past policy, but he could not expunge it from the record of the United States. He emerges in the least favourable light because he was the least frank of the "big three."

That is at least one explanation of the publication of the records. Republican memories of President Franklin D. Roosevelt are bitter, as was made very clear to me in conversations with Republican friends in the United States in 1952. According to official statements, it was not at first intended to publish these records, but there must be some doubt about that, since it was inevitable that if they were circulated to all Senators the items with the greatest news value would soon be made public. As soon as this process

began the papers were issued to the ordinary reader, having evidently been first placed in the hands of certain newspapers. The object can only have been to sustain the Republican thesis that Roosevelt was weak and glib in international affairs, and that at Yalta especially he was under the thumb of Stalin.

It may be said that a good deal of the case is proved by the publication. Yet it seems unwise and ill-timed. Mr. Dulles appeared to be astonished that it should cause excitement. He emphasised that most of it had previously appeared in books, and added that it was the custom of all countries to publish diplomatic material from time to time. Yet the verdict of the Press of many countries goes against his opinion that this was a routine occurrence. Almost universally it has been treated as maladroitness, and an error in statesmanship. It seems curious that the President should have been unaware that publication was to take place. No sinister interpretation of this fact is warranted, but it is surely fair to suggest that the incident discloses a strange lack of insight into world opinion and comprehension of the effects in the present circumstances. This is all the more so because the document does not stand upon the backing of agreed shorthand reports. Already, indeed, some items have been challenged here.

We need not make too much of it all. The likelihood is that realisation of how little novelty is to be found in the compilation will spread quickly. Only if the Paris agreements were to be rejected is it probable that it would long maintain the excitement caused by its publication. From the broader point of view, even if it is found that some errors of interpretation or recollection have crept in, it will make its contribution to historical knowledge. The occasion is one of the most vital in the modern world, one in which the interest will never languish. Some mistakes are probably made at all conferences, and both in our country and the United States it is generally felt that in the case of Yalta there was an undue proportion of them. As I have already suggested, it might have been more prudent to recognise divergences rather than cover them up with platitudes, but the former has never been the practice when allies confer in time of war.

That is not to suggest that on the great matters on which British and American views differed from Russian, more could have been done to make the former prevail. This seems unlikely. The most regrettable feature is not reference to these matters but the frivolous treatment of secondary topics, such as Hong Kong and Indo-China. This indeed has a sting in it. But it is a sting which will not long be felt unless aggravated by other influences. Everything possible should be done to avoid that sort of complication.



THE EFFECTS OF AN UNDERWATER EXPLOSION: AN OFFICER OF THE ROYAL NAVY GIVING A LECTURE TO MERCHANT SEAMEN ON THE MEASURES THEY SHOULD TAKE IN THE EVENT OF WAR.

The Merchant Navy defence courses, originally instituted in 1938, have now been drastically revised with the object of informing Merchant seamen of the measures that would be taken in the event of a nuclear war for their protection by the Royal Navy, and of the steps which they can take themselves. The wide range of subjects covered includes Convoy Work, Communications and Radar, Defence Against Submarines and Mines, Atomic, Biological and Chemical Protection, Fire Fighting, and the principles of Gun Control. The subject-matter of the courses is constantly revised to keep pace with new developments. Since the courses were reinstituted in 1951, some 6000 masters and officers and 6400 men of the Merchant Navy have voluntarily attended at the seven centres. At the lecture shown above, Lieut.-Commander N. F. Keene, D.S.O., is in charge of a class on board H.M.S. *President*, London.

having no means of supporting them and no intention of doing so. Here again the British Prime Minister comes out best of the trio. Stalin said that the three Powers which had carried the weight of the war must be responsible for future peace; he agreed that they should protect the rights of small nations, but not to submit actions of the three great nations to the judgment of the small. President Roosevelt was with him in the view that peace terms should be drawn up by the three represented at Yalta.

The Churchill formula was more generous. He insisted on the moral responsibility of the great nations and that they should exercise power with respect for the small. He returned to the subject under another heading, that of the rights of peoples to self-government. Where he would, it now seems, have been taking a wiser course, would have been by refusal to agree to the soothing syrup handed out in the communiqué. The democratic phrases make an unfavourable impression in retrospect, because not only were they clearly foreign to Russian ideas and intentions, but also known to the other two participants to be absent from the agreements reached, some of which were little to their liking. Once more we must remember that there was a war on, that Germany's power to resist was not yet broken, that solidarity between the allies was still needed, and that so far as Poland and the Oder-Niesse line were concerned there was little the United Kingdom and the United States





THE CROSS-ROADS AND BUS TERMINUS IN THE CENTRE OF PORT MORESBY, NEW GUINEA'S PRINCIPAL PORT, SHOWING A NATIVE CONSTABLE DIRECTING TRAFFIC. HERE RESPLENDENT PAPUAN "LADS OF THE VILLAGE" CAN BE SEEN RIDING UP-TO-DATE BICYCLES, MANY WITH GREAT MOPS OF HAIR BLEACHED LIGHT YELLOW WITH PEROXIDE.



"ALL CHANGE HERE FOR RABAU." THE SEAPLANE BASE AT PORT MORESBY, WHERE TRAVELLERS FROM THE AUSTRALIAN MAINLAND EN ROUTE FOR THE NEW GUINEA CENTRAL HIGHLANDS AND RABAU CHANGE AIRCRAFT. ON THE RIGHT, NATIVE PASSENGERS STAND BY TO GO ABOARD A QANTAS FLYING-BOAT.

# LIFE IN THE AUSTRALIAN TRUST TERRITORIES OF PAPUA AND NEW GUINEA: SOME DRAWINGS

The great island of New Guinea is divided into two countries—Netherlands New Guinea, administered by Holland, and the Trust Territories of Papua and New Guinea, administered by Australia since 1906 and 1921 respectively. Both Holland and Australia, as members of the United Nations, have accepted the responsibility of promoting to the utmost, in accordance with the principles of the Charter, the well-being of natives in

territories under their control. In the sketches reproduced above our artist, Bryan de Grineau, during a recent visit to Australian New Guinea, has recorded his impressions of some aspects of life on the island which well illustrate the peculiar adaptability of Papuans to modern, Western conditions. The administration of native affairs and district administration are functions of the Department of District Services and Native



"DOWN AMONG THE DEAD MEN . . ." THE "BOTTLE CEMETERY" OF AN OUTPOST HOTEL IN NEW GUINEA. APART FROM THE QANTAS SETTLEMENT IN LAE, WHITE INHABITANTS OF THE DISTRICT ARE DEPENDENT FOR REFRESHMENT ON THE OLD-ESTABLISHED HOTEL CECIL. IT IS NOTED FOR THE GREAT MOUNDS OF EMPTY BOTTLES SPARKLING IN THE SUNSHINE.



A FORWARD CONSTABULARY HUT IN THE CENTRAL HIGHLANDS OF NEW GUINEA, SPECIALLY VISITED BY OUR ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU, SHOWING A SECTION OF A TRIBE OF NATIVES SUSPECTED OF CANNIBALISM AND HEAD-HUNTING. THE NATIVES ARE BEING INTERROGATED BY A PATROL OFFICER, WITH THE CHIEF ON HIS LEFT.

## ILLUSTRATING THE PECULIAR ADAPTABILITY OF PAPUANS TO MODERN, WESTERN CONDITIONS.

Affairs, whose field officers are trained in Australia. Their duties include the exploration of the almost inaccessible mountainous areas of the highlands and the discovery and pacification of the natives living there—an aspect also illustrated in the Colour Plates on the Tari tribesmen in this issue; the establishment of law and order; the development of agriculture; the improvement of health and sanitary

conditions; education; and a host of duties, including the stamping-out of beliefs and practices in magic and religion, such as cannibalism, head-hunting, the strangling of widows, and sorcery—ungentle practices now generally abandoned. In fact, Australia has reason to be proud of the progress her New Guinea administrators have made. [Specially drawn for "The Illustrated London News" by Bryan de Grineau.]



# THE ORIGINAL "UGLY DUCKLING": HANS ANDERSEN'S ASTONISHING STORY.



INTERESTING RELICS OF HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN (1805-1875); TWO OF THE PAPER SILHOUETTES HE USED TO CUT OUT FOR HIS CHILD FRIENDS. THEY WERE GIVEN TO THEIR PRESENT OWNER BY THE MISSES HARRIET AND LOUISE MELCHIOR, IN WHOSE PARENTS' HOUSE HANS ANDERSEN SPENT HIS LAST SUMMERS.

By courtesy of Lady Southorn.



THE HOME OF THE GREAT DANISH POET AND AUTHOR OF WORLD-FAMOUS FAIRY-STORIES: HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN'S HOUSE IN ODENSE, NOW TRANSFORMED INTO A MUSEUM CONTAINING RELICS; AND BEYOND IT AN EXTENSION TO THE MUSEUM.



ODENSE, BIRTHPLACE OF HANS ANDERSEN: A VIEW OF ONE OF THE OLD STREETS, WHICH HAS REMAINED UNCHANGED.



SHOWING THE SIMPLICITY OF HANS ANDERSEN'S EARLY SURROUNDINGS: A CORNER OF HIS HOUSE IN ODENSE.



HANS ANDERSEN'S FIRST LOVE: RIBORG VOIGT.

By courtesy of Lady Southorn.



"HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN" IN 1836, THE YEAR AFTER HIS FIRST VOLUME OF FAIRY-TALES HAD APPEARED; BY C. S. JENSEN (1792-1870).



IN THE HANS ANDERSEN MUSEUM: THE POET'S TOP-HAT AND LUGGAGE, WITH THE ROPE HE ALWAYS CARRIED IN CASE OF FIRE.

*Continued.* was quickly followed by a second; while another with "The Little Mermaid," and "The Emperor's New Clothes" was published in 1837. He continued to publish new collections of fairy-tales at intervals till the end of his life, and they were translated into many languages. The former poor boy became *persona grata* in royal and fashionable circles; travelled widely and was lionized.

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HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN, the Danish author of famous fairy-tales, whose 150th anniversary is being celebrated this year, was bent on a literary career from childhood. His novel "The Improvisatore" appeared in 1835, and was well received; but he did not realise that the first of his fairy-tales, published in the same year, would be the foundation of his literary immortality. The house in Odense where he was born on April 2, 1805, is preserved as a Hans Christian Andersen Museum. He endured grievous poverty in his youth, and though he wrote plays, novels and travel books, his enduring fame rests on his fairy-tales. The first collection, containing "The Tinder Box," "Little Claus and Big Claus," "The Princess and the Pea" and "Little Ida's Flowers" appeared in 1835;

*[Continued opposite.]*



## HANS ANDERSEN—BORN 150 YEARS AGO: THE MAN AND HIS CREATIONS.



"THE STAUNCH TIN SOLDIER": AN ILLUSTRATION OF HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN'S FAMOUS FAIRY-STORY, BY VILHELM PEDERSEN (1820-1859). MANY ARTISTS ILLUSTRATED HIS TALES BUT PEDERSEN IS CONSIDERED THE "CLASSIC."



"THE PRINCESS AND THE PEA": VILHELM PEDERSEN'S ILLUSTRATION, SHOWING THE OLD QUEEN PILING MATTRESSES AND FEATHER-BEDS ON TOP OF A PEA TO DISCOVER IF HER GUEST IS A REAL PRINCESS OR NOT.



"THE EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES": ONE OF HANS ANDERSEN'S MOST CELEBRATED STORIES, ILLUSTRATED BY VILHELM PEDERSEN. THE CHILD—THE ONLY CREATURE WHO DARED TO SAY THAT HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY HAD NOTHING ON—IS ON THE RIGHT.

THE memory of Hans Christian Andersen (b. April 2, 1805), the Danish author of immortal fairy-tales which have delighted many generations of children of many nationalities, and charmed grown-up people equally, is being honoured in London by the National Book League's "Hans Andersen Exhibition." It was due to be opened by the Danish Ambassador on March 31; and illustrates the life and work of Hans Andersen by first editions, original MSS., letters, photographs and drawings, to which our illustrations form an interesting supplement. A gawky, sensitive lad, born in very poor circumstances, he had a hard struggle to achieve the fame which he always believed awaited him; and he is symbolised by the Ugly Duckling of his own story which turned into a splendid swan.

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"THE UGLY DUCKLING": AN ILLUSTRATION BY VILHELM PEDERSEN. THE POOR DUCKLING, WHICH SYMBOLISES HANS ANDERSEN HIMSELF, HAS TAKEN REFUGE FROM THE STORM IN AN OLD WOMAN'S COTTAGE; AND IS SCORNE BY THE CAT AND THE HEN.



HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN (1805-1875) AS HE WAS IN 1863, AFTER HIS FIRST FAIRY TALES HAD BEEN PUBLISHED: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING HIM READING HIS STORIES TO A GROUP OF YOUNG GIRLS.



# IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

AS a family the *Meconopsis* are—with a few exceptions—just a lot of exquisite fusspots. There are, I know, gardens and districts, especially in Scotland, where most

of them may be grown really well, and with comparative ease. But, generally speaking, I would say that in most parts of the country they demand not only the shelter and partial shade of trees or shrubs, but a rather soft alluvial soil, rich in humus—peaty or leaf-mouldy—and free, I would say, from chalk or lime.

Shelter and half-shade may be found or provided in many gardens, and a larger or smaller bed of the right sort of soil may, if you feel that way, be made up, and, as someone said, "as you make your bed so shall you lie about it." Anyway, plants which demand elaborate feather-bedding are, I maintain, fusspots.

## THE BLUE POPPIES.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

*betonicifolia*, which was first of all well known—and, to a large extent, still is—as *Meconopsis baileyi*. This, if properly treated, forms a perennial clump which throws up a handsome 3- to 4-ft. fountain of poppy flowers of a pure and piercing blue. When really happy, and really trying, the plant may reach a height of 5 ft., and a well-placed group of such specimens is a truly magnificent sight. But *M. betonicifolia*, like some other species, sometimes lapses from its true and splendid blue to disappointingly dirty tones. I have a theory that this fault is due to unsuitable soil, and is more likely to happen on chalky or limey soils, than on acid or peaty soil. But this is merely a private hunch, and I may be wrong. It should be worth investigating by means of practical experiments on various soils. Forms of *Hydrangea hortensis* will give blue flowers on one type of soil, and change to pink if transplanted to other soils. And the production of blue flowers may be induced by watering the plants with certain chemicals. Maybe it's the same with *Meconopsis wallichii* and *M. betonicifolia*.

*Meconopsis betonicifolia* produces seeds freely, and is easy to raise from seed, and if well grown from the first, is a true perennial. But if the plants are starved in youth, they appear only to have strength to produce single crowns, which flower the following year with no side shoots or crowns coming on to flower the following year, and so the plants die in their first flowering year. If grown more generously from the very start, they form not only a central crown to flower next year, but a number of minor crowns to come on for the year after. *Meconopsis betonicifolia* has been popularly called the "Blue Poppy of Tibet," a fact which seems to suggest that of all the species of *Meconopsis* it is the best-known and the most widely-grown. The acquisition of an English or vernacular

name is a pretty sure sign of popularity in a plant. The only other species of *Meconopsis* which I can think of with vernacular names are Farrer's Harebell Poppy, *Meconopsis quintuplinervia*, and our own native Welsh Poppy, *Meconopsis cambrica*.

The Harebell Poppy is a charming plant for a cool corner in the rock garden, where in

light, rich, peaty soil it will run about quite freely; a reliable perennial, with pendant, lavender-blue bell-flowers carried singly on foot-high stems.

The Welsh Poppy, *Meconopsis cambrica*, is a true perennial and a delightful plant in the garden if "kept in its place"—in the right place, which is not in the rock garden, for the plant is a merciless self-seeder and is apt to spring up, a too-hearty volunteer,



"THE HAREBELL POPPY [*M. QUINTUPLINERVIA*] IS A CHARMING PLANT . . . A RELIABLE PERENNIAL, WITH PENDANT, LAVENDER-BLUE BELL-FLOWERS CARRIED SINGLY ON FOOT-HIGH STEMS."

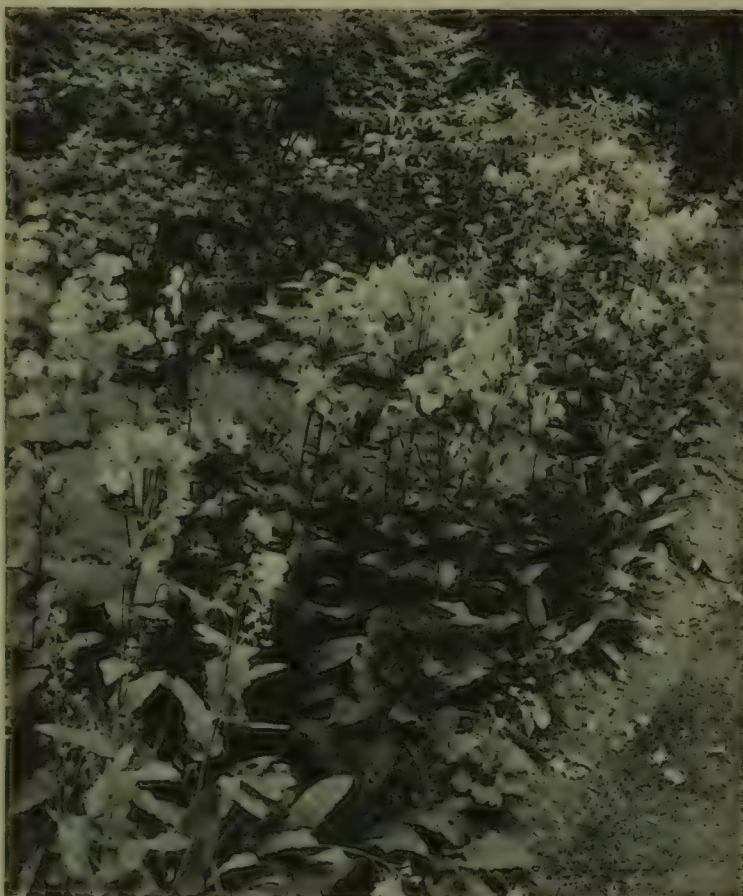
Photograph by R. A. Malby and Co.

Moreover, many of the species are biennials. A most tiresome trait.

One of the greatest plant thrills that I can remember at any of the R.H.S. Shows was a group of *Meconopsis integrifolia* exhibited by the old firm of Veitch at a Temple Show in 1905. The plant then received a First Class Certificate, as well it might, with its great blossoms of clear pale yellow as large as one's cupped hand. Although that was fifty years ago, and in spite of its being a biennial, *Meconopsis integrifolia* is still in cultivation, which says much for the plant's beauty, and seems to show that horticultural feather-bed-makers are fortunately still with us in fair numbers. *Meconopsis grandis* came later than *M. integrifolia*, and, roughly speaking, might be described as a taller, blue-flowered perennial edition of it. I well remember the sensation that *M. grandis* made when the late Mrs. Walter Jones brought it down from her Perthshire garden to an R.H.S. Show in 1927. It was awarded a First Class Certificate, and John Nash made a masterly water-colour drawing of it, which is now, I believe, in the possession of Lord Horder.

*Meconopsis grandis* appears to vary in colour from the purest vivid blue, as in the F.C.C. specimen, to rather unpleasing mauves and mawkish purples, but whether this variation is due to the strain or to the soil on which it is grown—as with blue, or otherwise, hydrangeas—I am not certain. I have grown *Meconopsis grandis* in the past, but never with any lasting success. Although a good perennial, my specimens of it never produced any seeds, and the plants refused to be propagated by division or cuttings. A year or so ago, however, my hopes of *grandis* were revived by a gift specimen of a form or variety said to have superbly true-blue flowers, and to be easy to propagate either by seed, or division, or both. I forget which. With luck it should flower this year.

*Meconopsis wallichii* has been, and possibly still is, a popular and fairly widely-grown species, in spite of too often straying from blue to all sorts of distressing purplish-mauves. But the best-known and most widely-grown of all these poppyworts is *Meconopsis*



"THE BEST-KNOWN AND MOST WIDELY-GROWN OF ALL THESE POPPYWORTS IS *MECONOPSIS BETONICIFOLIA*. . . THIS, IF PROPERLY TREATED . . . THROWS UP A HANDSOME 3- TO 4-FT. FOUNTAIN OF FLOWERS OF A PURE AND PIERCING BLUE."

Photograph by J. E. Downward.



A PLANT WHICH CREATED A SENSATION IN 1927: *MECONOPSIS GRANDIS*, WHICH "MIGHT BE DESCRIBED AS A TALLER, BLUE-FLOWERED EDITION" OF THE YELLOW-FLOWERED BIENNIAL, *M. INTEGRIFOLIA*.

Photograph by R. A. Malby and Co.

among smaller, frailer, lovelier things. The best place for it is shady ground, on the north sides of walls, or the bed on the north side of the house, where it can associate happily with ferns, primulas, anemones, and all the other easy-going, good-natured shade-lovers. The plant has rather taken charge on the north side of my house, and I sometimes wish I had not put it there when it comes to reducing it to reasonable proportions and order.

But it is a beautiful thing with its fresh, light-green foliage, and its long succession of clear, pure, soft, yellow poppy blossoms. There is an attractive variety of the Welsh Poppy with flowers of a soft, tawny old-gold colour. This is worth growing in company with the yellows. There is, too, the double form, either all yellow, or a very telling yellow mixed with orange-red. Plants of these are offered by some of the hardy plant nurseries, and they are well worth introducing and planting among the singles. Once established, these double forms will, rather surprisingly, seed themselves about almost as freely as the singles. I say surprisingly, because the flowers look so fully double that they well might have lost the power of reproduction in the good old-fashioned way. But no, they appear to be perfectly potent, and a good proportion of the seedlings seem to come as double as their parents. There is one factor in some of these double Welsh poppies which never seems to crop up among any of their single-flowered progeny, and that is the warm red-orange that appears among some of the doubles. A race of single red-orange selfs would be a great acquisition, and delightful for growing among the single yellows and the single old-golds.

Seeds of some of the species of *Meconopsis* are offered by a few of the more enterprising seedsmen, and it should be remembered that such seeds are often very slow in germinating. Hope of their coming up should not be abandoned until they have been subjected to at least one winter in the open. A bout of snow and frost, followed by a period of milder conditions in a frame will often stimulate reluctant seeds into sudden activity.





PERHAPS THE WORLD'S TALLEST TOPIARY FIGURE: THE "CYPRESS QUEEN" OF FIUMEFREDDO, SICILY.

The peasant woman in the foreground (carrying a live kid on her head) gives some idea of the size of this huge topiary statue, which stands in a garden in the environs of Fiumefreddo, a little south of Taormina. The figure is formed from two trees of the Italian cypress (*Cupressus sempervirens*), which have been bound together at the figure's waist; and when seen from inside the garden wall, the two trunks of the trees form the legs of the woman. Its estimated height is about 22 ft.—and it seems very unlikely that in these days there is a taller topiary figure anywhere in the world. Topiary—or the art or craft of clipping ever-green bushes into formal or sculptural shapes—is believed to have been introduced into Britain

by the Romans; and it is said that the Romans themselves learnt it from the Near East. However that may be, the great age of topiary in England was the sixteenth century, when the great gardens were crowded with pyramids, obelisks, heraldic animals and the like, of clipped yew—in the manner that classically survives at Levens, in Westmorland; and since then, under the polite sneers of Addison and Pope and the forthright attacks of the romantic gardeners of the last century, topiary has declined; and even were the taste for it to come again—as well it might—the costs in time and labour which it calls for, both in establishing and maintaining, might well daunt all but the wealthiest gardeners.





THE NATIONAL SHRINE OF WALES: ST. DAVID'S CATHEDRAL, WHICH IS TO BE THE CULMINATING POINT OF A GREAT PILGRIMAGE OF YOUTH, FROM A PAINTING BY CHARLES CUNDALL.

The Cathedral Church of St. David, on the Pembrokeshire coast, standing near the small village of the same name which is its city, is one of the most remarkable as well as one of the oldest shrines in Great Britain. This summer it will be the culminating point of a great pilgrimage of youth organised by the Provincial Youth Council of the Church in Wales. In the Middle Ages two pilgrimages to this beautiful Cathedral, which enshrines the remains of the Patron Saint of Wales, were deemed to be the equal of one to Rome itself. In an exhibition of Recent Paintings by

Charles Cundall, R.A., R.W.S., held at Colnaghi's Old Bond Street Galleries in London, from March 1 to March 19 (and illustrated in our issue of March 5), this fine painting of Britain's loneliest cathedral was shown. At the West door stands the ruined but still lovely Bishop's Palace, unoccupied since the Civil War. On the hill to the south stands the Keep, which serves as a belfry and is a remnant of the ancient walled Close. Long before the coming of Augustine a church stood on the site of the present Cathedral, but this church was destroyed by fire in 645, as was a second in 1086:

a third was then built, which lasted nearly a hundred years, when it was pulled down, and the existing Cathedral was begun in 1180. The fame of the Cathedral reached its height in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and Royal pilgrims were among those who visited the shrine. In 1663, when a general restoration was begun by Sir Gilbert Scott, relics thought to be those of St. David and St. Justinian were discovered, and these rest to-day in an oak and iron reliquary, kept in the Holy Trinity Chapel behind the High Altar. The remains of St. David's Shrine, built about 1275,

are on the north side of the Presbytery. At one time the relics were probably placed upon it in a movable reliquary, and there was an old order that, in case of battle, the relics should be taken one day's journey from the city. The climax of the great youth pilgrimage this summer will be on August 11, when thousands of young people, from all parts of Wales, will take part in a solemn procession through the streets of the city before gathering in the ancient Cathedral of St. David to participate in a great corporate act of witness, devotion and re-dedication.





### THE COMPLEXITY OF MODERN FIGHTER AIRCRAFT: OUR ARTIST'S IMPRESSION OF A FIGHTER

Flying faster than sound, having prodigious climbing powers and the ability to operate at a height that makes it invisible from the ground, the modern jet fighter is a formidable and complex machine. Largely secret in respect of its equipment, we are able to give some idea of its organisation by depicting a composite type. The pilot of such an aircraft, travelling at supersonic speeds, would wear clothing to protect him against heat, as well as to counteract the effects of flying at great heights. In a recent lecture, Mr. A. E. Woodward-Nutt, M.A., F.R.Ae.S., Principal Director of Research and Development (Aircraft), Ministry of Supply, stated that

at the start of World War II, a fighter aircraft cost about £7500. Day fighters in current production cost nearly £100,000, and will cost much more with every new technical refinement evolved. Mr. Woodward-Nutt revealed that new day fighters demand up to 16,000 production drawings; new bombers about 20,000 drawings, 45,000 loft plates and about 135,000 jigs and tools. The Hampden bomber, built in the late 1930's, carried less than 150 lb. of radio and electrical equipment, while fighters at the commencement of World War II, carried under 125 lb. of similar gear. To-day, such equipment in a modern bomber weighs nearly 9000 lb. and

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H.

### OF TO-DAY, COMPARING ITS PERFORMANCE AND EQUIPMENT WITH THAT OF OLDER TYPES.

In a fighter approximately 3000 lb. In a current single-engined day fighter there are something like 250,000 rivets and 35,000 nuts, bolts and washers, weighing altogether nearly 950 lb. In these circumstances, it is inevitable that the size, though not the wing span, of new aircraft should greatly exceed that of the famous fighters of the Second World War. Moreover, to compare with the 1050-h.p. piston engine of the Hurricane and Spitfire, we now have mighty jet engines with thrusts of 10,000 lb. and even 15,000 lb. Mr. Woodward-Nutt indicated that, since we cannot afford to build the expensive and complicated military aircraft

DAVIS, WITH EXPERT CO-OPERATION.

of the future in large quantities, such aircraft are more likely to be ordered in tens than in hundreds or thousands, and that new processes, such as that of integral construction, must be investigated with a view to lowered costs and greater flexibility of manufacture. Other possible innovations are perhaps indicated by the smaller and less complex Folland Gnat fighter, an order for a development batch of which has recently been placed by the Ministry of Supply, and by the robot guided-missile. Experts agree, however, that the replacement of the modern manned fighter by automatically-controlled aircraft is not yet within view.





"A SPIRITUAL AWAKENING IN SCOTLAND. . .": AN AUDIENCE, NUMBERING THOUSANDS, LISTENING TO DR. BILLY GRAHAM IN THE KELVIN HALL, GLASGOW, ON THE SECOND NIGHT OF HIS ALL-SCOTLAND CRUSADE.

Glasgow welcomed Dr. Billy Graham with a hymn when he arrived in the city on March 19, and in reply he said: "I believe the flames that burned in Scotland centuries ago can burn again. A spiritual awakening in Scotland will encourage the entire world." On the following Monday, the evangelist opened his crusade at the Kelvin Hall, where thousands of extra seats, gathered from the city's parks, had been commandeered to seat the expected crowds. Above the main entrance to the Hall stood the largest poster ever to be erected in Britain. 15,000 people

attended the first meeting, thousands of them having waited for over four hours outside in the snow. The second meeting, photographed above, was less spectacular, but the auditorium was filled, nevertheless, and large crowds were accommodated in the adjacent circus arena, where they witnessed the service on closed circuit television. At the close of each of the two meetings, Dr. Graham made his customary appeal for members of the congregation to declare themselves for Christ. 470 came forward on the first day and 400 made the decision on the second.





A GREAT FRENCH MAN OF LETTERS WHO LOVES AND UNDERSTANDS ENGLAND AND THE ENGLISH : M. ANDRÉ MAUROIS, HON. K.B.E.

Monsieur André Maurois is one of the leading figures in the literary world to-day, and his books are almost as well known in this country as on the Continent. They include several in which the English character, with its foibles and its great qualities, is delineated with remarkable penetration. Born in 1885, Monsieur Maurois acted as interpreter with the British Forces in World War I., and his book, "*Les Silences du Colonel Bramble*," published in 1918, presents the portrait of a typical English officer as seen by a highly intelligent Frenchman. It was followed by "*Les Discours du Colonel O'Grady*" (1920). Monsieur Maurois's many notable books include an important series of biographies, several devoted to great

British personalities. These include "*Ariel*," a life of Shelley, and lives of Disraeli, Byron, Dickens and Cecil Rhodes, the last-named being published in 1953. His life of George Sand, published under the title of "*Lelia*," and his book on Proust were published in 1952 and 1950 respectively, and "*Olympio*," a biography of Victor Hugo, appeared last year. Monsieur Maurois has been honoured in this country and America as well as in his native land. He was created an Hon. K.B.E. in 1938, and he is an Hon. D.Litt. (Oxon), Hon. D.C.L., Edinburgh and St. Andrews; and Hon. Doctor of Letters, Princeton, U.S.A. A member of the French Academy since 1938, he will sponsor the newly-elected M. Jean Cocteau when he takes his seat.

Exclusive portrait study by Karsh of Ottawa.



## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. TWO EARLY ITALIAN PAINTERS.\*

By FRANK DAVIS.

a thousand times how wonderful he is, you can settle down quietly to find out for yourself whether or no you agree, which is much more interesting than repeating parrot-like all the things which have been said about him during the past century or so.

This book "Giotto" confines itself to the frescoes in the Upper Church, Assisi, a task undertaken by Giotto after the death of his master, Cimabue, in 1302; the latter had been responsible for the decoration of the Lower Church in 1277. Two records, the one probably mythical, the other factual, bear witness to the esteem in which he was held. The first is the charming story of how the painter Cimabue was on his way to Bologna and passed a small boy drawing a picture of sheep in the dust. He was so impressed by the child's ability that he followed him home and persuaded the father to let him take the boy away and educate him—and so Giotto "became great in the art of painting." The second is the text of the resolution passed by the City Council of Florence in 1334:

"In order that the works which have been undertaken by the City of Florence and are to be carried out for the benefit of the community may proceed in the most perfect manner, which is not possible unless an experienced and eminent man is chosen as leader in these works, and as in the whole world there is to be found none better qualified for that and for much besides than Master Giotto di Bondone, the painter of Florence, he shall therefore be named in his native city as *magnus magister* and publicly regarded as such, so that he may have occasion to abide here; for, by his presence,

many can have the advantage of his wisdom and learning, and the city shall gain no small honour because of him. Wherefore, it is provided, ordained and resolved that the Lords Privy, the Gonfalonieri *Justitia* and the Council of the Twelve *Viri Boni*, in the name of the city, select and designate Master Giotto as leader and master for the building operations at the Church of Santa Reparata and for the construction and completion of the city walls and fortifications and for other works for the aforesaid community."

What a magnificent testimonial!

With the other book under review, "Fra Angelico," we are in the presence of a far less important, far less majestic, but far more popular painter—Fra Angelico (1387-1455), monk and mystic, whose best-known paintings are the frescoes made by him between the years 1436 and 1445 at the Convent of San Marco, in Florence, and, especially, "The Annunciation" in the corridor on the first floor, which is a thing of enchanting sweetness and light, and will seem, I dare say, one of the greatest of the world's marvels until you have stood in front of the same subject by the Siennese Simone Martini, in the Uffizi Gallery, when you will discover that more than sweetness and light is required for such a theme, but grief and passion as well. None the less, what a man, with his ecstatic faith, his sense of colour, his love of gardens, his obvious belief in the fundamental goodness of humanity, the flower-like, gentle faces, the quiet, other-worldly restfulness!

It is difficult to convey either the majestic calm of the earlier master or the more vivid quality

of the later except by colour reproductions on a large scale, and this has been accomplished with extraordinary fidelity in these two volumes. Tempera, by its very nature, appears to lend



"THE DREAM OF INNOCENT III.", ATTRIBUTED TO GIOTTO (? 1266-1336).

This painting, the sixth fresco in the second group in the Upper Church, Assisi, is attributed to Giotto. It illustrates the legend that "Innocent III. saw in a dream that the Basilica of the Lateran was ready to crumble and that a poor little man, who looked miserable indeed, was supporting it with his shoulders to prevent it from collapsing." (St. Bonaventura, p. 42.)

Illustrations by Courtesy of the Publishers of the books reviewed on this page.

itself to more accurate reproduction in colour than oils, with their protective covering of varnish, largely because—and here I am guessing—they reflect light less, or, at any rate, differently; certainly it is not easy to imagine a more faithful rendering of the originals, with their cool, opaque tones, whether it is the famous Giotto of St. Francis preaching to the birds, or the less-well-known Fra Angelico, "The Visitation," at Cortona, wherein the servant is half-hiding behind a pillar, watching the meeting of Mary and Elizabeth, the blues, reds and browns making a marvellous harmony; no man at this time could persuade colours to sing more sweetly.

Perhaps the most noticeable indication that a whole century lies between the two painters—a thing which must strike the most casual reader as he turns over the pages—is the difference in their attitude to landscape. With Giotto it is purely symbolic, with rocks and hills twisted into shapes which have only a remote connection with nature, but a very close affinity with the design as a whole—are, indeed, an important part of it, emphasising the curves and volumes of the figures. Landscape with Fra Angelico is much nearer the modern vision of the world and—one of his most lovable characteristics—he is so obviously happy to bring trees and flowers and grass to add emphasis to the grace of his pictures. Moreover, he is remembered as the first of the Italian masters to introduce into a design a landscape direct from nature and identifiable as a particular spot—something which appears very ordinary to us but which was, in fact, a considerable innovation.

Each book, with its wide margins, excellent colour work by a process devised by Annibale Belli and specially-made paper is a joy to handle—twenty-nine plates in one volume, thirty in the other. If it is possible at all to arrive at an understanding of either of these great men's genius without actually seeing the originals, here is something very near the answer; if you have seen either some or all of them, I can think of no more beautifully presented reminder of so memorable an experience. In each case a brief introduction provides the necessary details of lives and dates.

\* On this page Frank Davis reviews "The Gallery of Masterpieces": "Giotto; Frescoes in the Upper Church, Assisi." 29 Plates in Colour. (Hamish Hamilton; £3 3s.) and "Fra Angelico." By Annibale Belli. 30 Plates in Colour. (Hamish Hamilton; £3 3s.)



I DOUBT whether Giotto (? 1266-1336), for all his fame—and what star shone more brightly during those marvellous years?—is genuinely admired by the modern world. I base this heretical opinion upon what seem to me sound enough reasons. You have to go to Assisi or Padua or Florence to see what remains of his work and, therefore, many know him only by means of photography; he makes no concessions to our notions of what is comely, for his figures are massive and lumpy, and their faces have little subtlety and are mostly cast in a single mould of pious resignation; his subjects, concerned with Bible stories and the lives of the Saints, are presented to us partly in the language of symbols rather than that of reality—a language which was all very well in an age of faith and ignorance, but a trifle out of fashion at a time when we know so much, believe so little, and appear to be well on the way to self-destruction.

I would say that he is a difficult painter, especially for the young—difficult for them even after they have transported themselves to Florence and gazed at his Madonna in the Uffizi Gallery and compared it with the similar but very different picture by his contemporary Duccio of Siena—so austere, angular and Byzantine—or with the one by his master Cimabue, which hangs in the same room. Nevertheless, seeing these three on the same day and so near one another, you cannot fail to notice that whereas the two seem to work almost in two dimensions only (though, to be sure, the decorative pattern is magnificent) and the figures are stiff and hieratic, Giotto's, however massive and dignified, possess bones and bodies beneath their robes and exist, not merely as designs on a flat surface, but with light and air all round them. Having noticed this—and it is not easy to ignore it—you will conclude, and rightly, that you are looking at something which, at the time it was painted, must have seemed a revelation. Later, if you can forget that you have been told



"ST. COSMO KNEELING," DETAIL OF THE LEFT FOREGROUND OF "THE VIRGIN AND CHILD WITH SAINTS"; BY FRA ANGELICO (1387-1455).

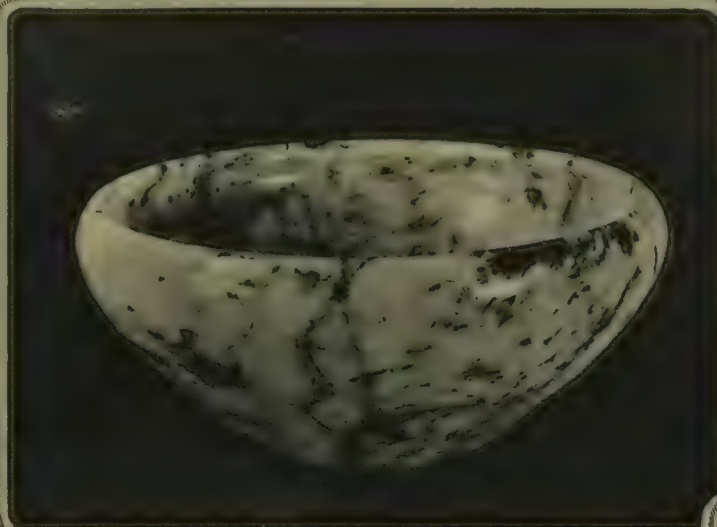
Fra Angelico's picture "The Virgin and Child with Saints," of which St. Cosmo kneeling is detail, is an altarpiece painted for the principal altar of the Church of St. Mark. The Virgin and Child are surrounded by eight angels. In the foreground, to the left: St. Lawrence, St. John the Evangelist, St. Mark, kneeling, St. Cosmo; to the right: St. Dominic, St. Francis, and St. Peter the Martyr, and, kneeling, St. Damian. It was painted between 1438 and 1440 when the Convent of San Marco was being reconstructed, and is now in the Museo di San Marco, Florence.



THE BEAUTY OF EGYPTIAN ART:  
FITZWILLIAM MUSEUM ACQUISITIONS  
FROM THE SIR ROBERT GREG BEQUEST.



A DELIGHTFUL BRONZE CAT STATUETTE, EGYPTIAN, AND DATING FROM ABOUT 663-630 B.C. (Height, 3½ ins. [8.9 cm.])



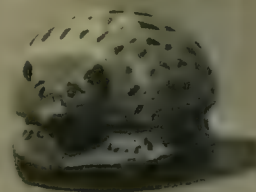
(ABOVE.) FROM THE GREG BEQUEST EXCEPTIONAL GROUP OF EGYPTIAN STONE VASES. DIORITE, 3400-2900 B.C. (Diam. 8 ins. [20.4 cm.])



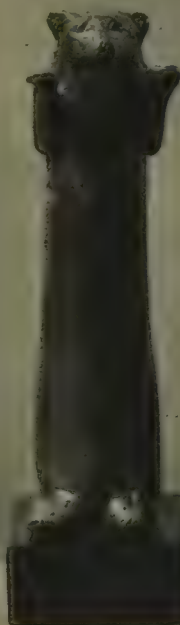
A STONE STATUETTE, SHOWING A PRIEST KNEELING AND HOLDING A STELE. EGYPTIAN, NEW KINGDOM, 1580-1090 B.C. (Height, 2½ ins. [7 cm.])



AN EGYPTIAN BRONZE BULL OF ABOUT 663-630 B.C.: THE SACRED BULL OF MEMPHIS, WORSHIPPED THERE FROM EARLY DYNASTIC TIMES. (Height, 6½ ins. [15.9 cm.])



TWO DELIGHTFUL MINIATURES: (UPPER) -AN IBIS WITH THE GODDESS MAAT IN BLUE FAIENCE (1½ ins. [3.4 cm.] long); AND (LOWER) A PORCUPINE, BLUE FAIENCE WITH PURPLE SPLASHES (2½ ins. [6.35 cm.] long)



A BRONZE ICHNEUMON, WHICH ILLUSTRATES THE EGYPTIAN ARTIST'S HUMOROUS AFFECTION FOR ANIMALS. 663-630 B.C. (Height, 5½ ins. [13.3 cm.])



ISIS AND HORUS—THE MOTHER AND CHILD SUBJECT COMMON TO NEARLY ALL CULTURES. A BRONZE STATUETTE OF C. 663-630 B.C. (Height, 11½ ins. [28.6 cm.])



AN ALEXANDRIAN MARBLE STATUETTE OF, PRESUMABLY, APHRODITE. DATED TO THE THIRD TO SECOND CENTURY B.C. (Height, 9½ ins. [24.1 cm.])



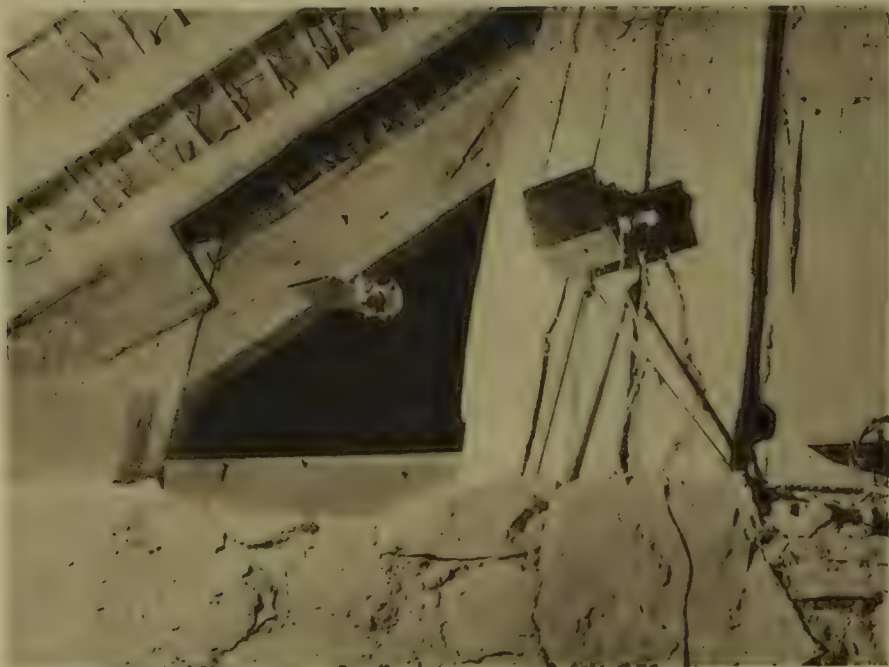
AN EGYPTIAN BRONZE OF THE GODDESS NEITH, WHICH SHOWS WELL THE CHARACTERISTIC PATINA OF THE COLLECTION. 663-630 B.C. (Height, 9½ ins. [23.5 cm.])

The group of objects shown on this page are drawn from the great collection of Egyptian antiquities and other works of art received by the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, in 1954, under the terms of the will of the late Sir Robert Greg, K.C.M.G., which have now been put on view in the Lower Marlay Gallery of the Museum. The collection comprises a small group of drawings, prints and books; a painting by Bartolome Perez, a Ming dish, twenty Oriental rugs, and a large and important collection of Middle Eastern antiquities. This last, by far the most important part of the bequest, consists of 628 items, and comprises an admirable collection of stone vases, dating from the pre-dynastic period up to the time of the New Kingdom; ninety bronze statuettes of the twenty-sixth dynasty or later; some small sculptures of various periods; and a collection

of scarabs, seals and amulets of diverse dates and materials. Mr. Carl Winter, Director of the Museum, writes: "Visitors to the Museum will be struck by the great variety of the stone vases, which include fine specimens of all the principal types known to Egyptologists. The bronzes also are of very fine quality, and were cared for by Sir Robert Greg in a way which has given them an unusually agreeable appearance: it was his habit to rub them all regularly with a soft, dry brush, and this, with repeated handling, has given many of them almost the patina of bronze statuettes of Renaissance times. . . . Commencing as a young man before the First World War, Sir Robert Greg had gradually collected these antiquities during forty years, during most of which he resided in Egypt." He was closely associated with the Antiquities Service and the Egyptian Museum.



# THE CAMERA USED FOR RESEARCH: BATS PHOTOGRAPHED FOR LATER STUDY.



INTERRUPTING A BEAM OF LIGHT: A BAT EMERGING (CARRYING BABY) AND AUTOMATICALLY TRIGGERING-OFF THE PHOTO-ELECTRIC RELAY UNIT (RIGHT).



PHOTOGRAPHED BENEATH THE RAFTERS OF AN OLD BARN IN DEVON: A NURSING COLONY OF GREATER HORSESHOE BATS PRESENTED A PACKED AND CONFUSED MASS.



CLINGING TO THE UNDERSIDE OF ITS MOTHER: A YOUNG GREATER HORSESHOE BAT WITH LONG, SLEEK FUR WHICH IS DARKER THAN THAT OF ITS MOTHER.



ABOUT A FORTNIGHT OLD AND STILL BLIND: A YOUNG GREATER HORSESHOE BAT SEEN IN A CLOSE-UP STUDY, SHOWING ITS STRANGE 'PIG-LIKE' FACE.



WITH HER BABY CLINGING TO HER WITH FEET AND TEETH: A FEMALE GREATER HORSESHOE BAT, SHOWING THE CURIOUS NASAL MEMBRANE FROM WHICH IT DERIVES ITS NAME.



FLYING INTO A TUNNEL AND BREAKING THE BEAM OF THE PHOTO-ELECTRIC RELAY: A GREATER HORSESHOE BAT SEEN FROM THE REAR AS IT TOOK ITS OWN PHOTOGRAPH.

IN the Devon caves where Mr. J. H. D. Hooper and his wife and other members of the Devon Spelæological Society are studying the habits of cave-dwelling bats, some 1900 bats have been banded with numbered aluminium rings since 1948. The characteristic feature of Greater Horseshoe bats is the curious nasal membrane. Its function is not known but mammalogists have put forward the suggestion that it serves some purpose in connection with the "echo-location" system by which bats guide their flight. Certainly Horseshoe bats are unusually skilful in flying through confined spaces, and their judgment is so precise that, unlike other species, they can turn over in the air at the moment of alighting and thus land in a head-downwards position. Mr. Hooper, who has taken the photographs on this page and those in colour on page III., has long been interested in the possibility of gaining information about their flight from photographs illustrating various phases of their flying actions. Results of some of his early attempts in this connection were published in *The Illustrated London News* of November 17, 1951. In order to "freeze" the bats in flight with an electronic flash of 1:3000 sec., Mr. Hooper constructed a small photo-electric relay unit which he wired up to the flash unit and then placed next to it a powerful torch which threw a narrow beam on the light-sensitive photo-cell. When a bat flew through the beam the flash was automatically triggered off.



SUPPORTING HER QUITE LARGE BABY BENEATH HER: A FEMALE BAT IN FLIGHT. ON HER UPPERMOST WING THE NUMBERED ALUMINIUM RING CAN BE SEEN.





WITH HER BABY CLINGING TO HER WITH ITS FEET, WINGS AND TEETH: A GREATER HORSESHOE BAT BANKING SHARPLY BENEATH THE RAFTER OF AN OLD BARN AS SHE CARRIES HER YOUNG ON HER UNDERSIDE.



REVEALING IN DETAIL THE STRUCTURE OF THE WINGS: A FLYING GREATER HORSESHOE BAT "FROZEN" BY THE 1:3000TH SECOND ELECTRONIC FLASH AND SHOWING CLEARLY THE MEMBRANE STRETCHED BETWEEN ARMS, LEGS AND FINGER-BONES.



PART OF THE RECORDING SCHEDULE: A YOUNG GREATER HORSESHOE BAT BEING WEIGHED. AS A RESULT OF THIS TYPE OF RESEARCH IT HAS BEEN FOUND THAT BATS LOSE ABOUT A THIRD OF THEIR WEIGHT DURING HIBERNATION.



WITH LIPS CLOSED OR SLIGHTLY PURSED: A YOUNG GREATER HORSESHOE BAT SEEN IN A CLOSE-UP STUDY WHICH SHOWS THE CURIOUS LEAF-LIKE NASAL MEMBRANE WHICH HAS THE SHAPE OF A HORSESHOE.

### "FROZEN" IN FLIGHT, AND AT REST: STUDIES OF GREATER HORSESHOE BATS.

In *The Illustrated London News* of June 24, 1950, and November 17, 1951, we illustrated some aspects of the work which Mr. J. H. D. Hooper and his wife and other members of the Devon Spelæological Society are carrying out in a study of the habits of cave-dwelling bats in Devon. Mr. Hooper, who has taken the remarkable colour photographs of Greater Horseshoe bats which are shown on this page, was able to "freeze" the bats in flight, with an electronic flash of 1:3000th second. The great majority of the bats found in the Devon caves are the Greater and Lesser Horseshoe bats (*Rhinolophus ferrumequinum* and *R. hipposideros*). The characteristic feature of these bats is the leaf-like nasal membrane, shaped like a horseshoe, which differs so markedly from the

rather mouse-like noses of the other British bats. In one of the photographs on this page (top, left), a young bat can be seen clinging to the underside of its mother with feet, wings and teeth. The baby has long, dark, sleek fur, in contrast to the lighter colouring of its mother. Mr. Hooper points out that in his photographs of Greater Horseshoe bats in flight the bats' mouths appear in every instance to be closed or slightly pursed, and suggests that if the Greater Horseshoe bat emits "ultrasonic squeaks" while in flight, then it appears to do so with its mouth closed; an observation which may be of value in lending support to the theory that the characteristic nose-leaf plays some part in the echo-location system employed by bats of this species.





WITH THICKLY-WOODED MOUNTAINS IN THE DISTANCE: PADDY (RICE) FIELDS IN FORMOSA, THE CHINESE NATIONALIST ISLAND OFF THE COAST OF THE CHINESE MAINLAND, WHERE THE CREATION OF SMALLHOLDINGS IS PART OF THE NATIONALIST POLICY.



SHOWING, IN THE BACKGROUND, SOME OF THE GREAT MOUNTAINS OF THE ISLAND: A VIEW OF A WELL-CULTIVATED VALLEY IN FORMOSA, WHERE A POLICY OF LAND REFORM IS BEING CARRIED OUT.



HARVESTING IN THE PADDY-FIELDS: TWO RICE CROPS A YEAR AND, IN SOME PLACES, THREE, ARE THE BASIS FOR THE ECONOMY OF THE ISLAND OF FORMOSA, WHICH THE UNITED STATES IS PLEDGED TO PROTECT AGAINST POSSIBLE ATTACK.



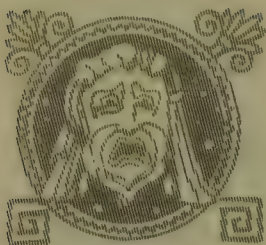
DRYING NOODLES: A COMMON SIGHT IN A FORMOSAN STREET. A FINE VARIETY OF NOODLE IS PREPARED BY STRETCHING AND THEN HANGING THEM UP TO DRY IN THE SUN, DRAPED OVER BAMBOO STICKS PLACED ACROSS A LARGE RACK.

## AN ISLAND OF PEACEFUL PROSPECTS AND DANGEROUS POLITICAL POSSIBILITIES: FAIR FORMOSA, WHICH THE UNITED STATES IS PLEDGED TO DEFEND AGAINST COMMUNIST AGGRESSION.

Formosa—or, to use the Chinese name, Taiwan—the 250-mile-long island off the Chinese mainland, held by General Chiang Kai-shek and the Nationalist Chinese (which the United States is pledged to defend from any possible Communist attack), is a most sensitive spot in the political alignment of this anxious world. It is a beautiful country, with majestic mountains, of which Niiitaka Yama (14,270 ft.) and Setzu-Zan (12,480 ft.) are the most important. Most of the land under 1000 ft. is cultivated, being used for growing crops or as grassland, but the mountain zone is heavily wooded. The broad belt of palms, banyans, cork trees, camphor-trees, tree ferns and dense thickets which extends to a height of 3000 ft., is succeeded by huge *Cryptomerias* and *Chamaecyparis*, which again yield place to pines and short grass on the summits. The Nationalist Government is carrying out a big programme of land reform, with the object of insuring that farmers will own their own land. The majority of small farms average about three acres, and two rice crops and, in a few places, three a year are the basis of the island economy. The population of Formosa has increased very rapidly with the advent of the Chinese Nationalists. It was 5,000,000 in 1935 and 10,000,000 last year, so it is obvious that food production is highly important to the national economy. Indeed, with the help of the United Nations and the

United States, a good deal has been achieved, and it is officially stated that food produced is not only sufficient for home consumption, but also leaves a surplus for export. Much attention has been paid to the production of fertilisers, and every year since 1948 it has been necessary to import less. February and the early spring is the period when Formosa looks its most verdant, for it is then that the seedlings of new rice have turned the nursery-beds to the richest emerald green against the dark mud. The name of Formosa was given to the island by the early Spanish navigators; the Japanese, who acquired it after the Sino-Japanese War of 1895, reverted to the old Chinese name of Taiwan, but now it is usually referred to as Formosa. Almost exactly bisected by the Tropic of Cancer, it has a tropical climate and is notable for its very rich flora. The agricultural products are rice, tea, sugar, sweet potatoes, ramie, jute and turmeric; and camphor is worked in the forest under a Government monopoly. Mining of gold, silver, copper and coal is making steady progress, and a number of industries, including flour-milling, and the manufacture of glass, bricks and soap, and sugar refining, are carried on. Formosa is divided into five provinces—Taipei, Hsinchu, Taichung, Tainan and Takao—and the chief towns are Taipei, the capital, Kaohsiung, Tainan, Taichung and Ki-lung.





THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

PASSABLE, IF NOT ART.

By ALAN DENT.

GOOD art—as has doubtless already been pointed out in various languages on numberless occasions—is a simplification of life. The artist chooses his central theme or his pivotal character, and rejects every incidental circumstance which fails to illustrate his theme or to illumine his chief personage or personages. Judged by these copy-book but well-founded standards, neither of the two new films called "That

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE.



PAUL SCOFIELD AS PHILIP II. OF SPAIN IN "THAT LADY." Mr. Alan Dent writes: "The make-up department has chosen to give Paul Scofield the looks of Philip IV. of Spain rather than of Philip II., whom he impersonates in the film 'That Lady.' But this does not by any means alter the impact of a hauntingly fine performance by this young actor, who has for several years been gracing the English stage, particularly in plays of Shakespeare, Otway and Jean Anouilh. The film-portrayal is that of a despot who is bigoted, cruel, distrustful and introspective. Yet the actor uncannily contrives to give us the feeling that this morose and taciturn Spanish king has somewhere deep down in his being a heart—not very large and certainly not very soft, but still a heart. It is a performance to be savoured and remembered—a Velazquez come to life."

Lady" and "The Country Girl" is a masterpiece. But what of that? Let me nudge the reader in the ribs with the information that a film may perfectly well be what we call a "good movie" without having any pretensions to be called great art as well. The question only arises here because each of these films makes obvious claims to be judged on the higher plane of art. Each is, as we say of overweening people, "a bit above" itself.

"That Lady," adapted from Miss Kate O'Brien's well-known novel which I have never read, is an excursion into Spanish history in the year 1570. As such, the film is—whatever the novel may be—overloaded and overblown. The intrigues of a Court which has so strange and fanatical a king as Philip II. at its head were obviously complicated. But it was equally obviously the task of the film to disentangle these complications better than it does—equally for those who care and for those who don't care. Personally, one could care more! But the only impression made on me by this elaborate film was that (1) Philip II. was an inscrutable but fascinating monarch, (2) he was ill-advised to bring the one-eyed but beautiful Ana de Mendoza out of her widowed seclusion, and (3) he was stubbornly ungenerous in not allowing that lady to run away with a chap called Perez, who was far nicer to her little boy than the gloomy king ever knew how to be.

The film has atmosphere—achieved largely by gloomy castles and glum guitars—and an unhackneyed setting. It is also reasonably true to history so far as we—or at least so far as I—know it. Right up to the end, that is to say. For

even I know, or seem to remember, that King Philip II. buried that lady alive behind a brick wall instead of allowing her, as the film does, to die peaceably in her bed while her lover carried off her little boy to safety in some country less sadistically ruled.

Still more in this film's favour is the fact that it is notably well acted, especially in the two chief parts. Olivia de Havilland does more than it seemed to me could possibly be done with a heroine who lost her right eye through an accident in her infancy. The black eye-shade is grotesque, where it is clearly meant to be pathetic and poignant. And I must confess to singing under my breath a stave or two from the song in "The School for Scandal" which is a toast to maidens of all sorts:—

Here's to the charmer whose  
dimples we prize;  
Now to the maid who has  
none, Sir:  
Here's to the girl with a pair  
of blue eyes,  
And here's to the nymph  
with but one, Sir.

This may have been tasteless of me. But who would resent being called tasteless in the company of Sheridan?

Even more memorable is the impression made by one of our very best actors, Paul Scofield, as the haunted and bigoted king who—it is strange to reflect—was ostensibly and for more than a year the King of England (or so he insisted on calling himself), through his marriage to Bloody Mary. They have made up this king to look strikingly like his own grandson, Philip IV., whom Velazquez never tired of—or was never allowed to be tired of—painting. But perhaps this hardly matters in a film which,

howsoever expensively made, shows us recognisable and familiar portraits by Rubens miraculously hanging on the walls of the Escorial Palace something like fifty years before Rubens could have painted them. What matters far more is that the Scofield portrait of Philip II. haunts one just as the Velazquez portraits of Philip IV. haunt one with their inscrutably Spanish mixture of pride, distrust, lust, and nameless obsession. So frightening is this that the heroine can be excused for her worst lapse into the modern idiom at the moment when the King leaves the room and she exclaims to her lover:—"I didn't like the way he looked at me!"

"The Country Girl"—adapted from the play by Clifford Odets which was known here as "Winter



"AN EXCURSION INTO SPANISH HISTORY IN THE YEAR 1570": "THAT LADY" (20TH CENTURY-FOX), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE FILM IN WHICH PHILIP (PAUL SCOFIELD) VISITS ANA (OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND) IN HER PRISON CELL, AND ACCUSES HER OF UNDERMINING THE AUTHORITY OF THE THRONE. (LONDON PREMIERE: MARCH 15, CARLTON, HAYMARKET).



"IT IS GOOD CINEMA WITHOUT BEING GOOD ART IN THE HIGHEST SENSE OF THE WORD": "THE COUNTRY GIRL" (PARAMOUNT), SHOWING A SCENE WITH (L. TO R.) GEORGIE ELGIN (GRACE KELLY); FRANK ELGIN (BING CROSBY) AND BERNIE DODD (WILLIAM HOLDEN). (LONDON PREMIERE: MARCH 11; PLAZA.)

Journey" and which I saw twice over—is a slightly over-intense study of an actor who has ruined himself with alcohol, of a manager who believes he can restore the actor's self-confidence, and of the actor's wife who has almost but not quite given up trying. There has been some shifting of values which results in the film being less gripping than the play was. For example, in the play the actor was of a status which could allow him to play King Lear, whereas in the film he is a mere song-and-dance man, so much of the Bing Crosby type that Mr. Crosby himself plays him as to the manner born. This is a weakness, for whereas in the play the actor had been great and was irreplaceable, in the film the actor was merely a popular "has-been" and would easily be replaced by the next good song-and-dance man to come along.

The really interesting parts are those of the wife, who is a rather subtle neurotic type, and the manager, who begins by distrusting and detesting this woman and then suddenly falls in love with her. Grace Kelly's performance of this wife will startle those who have seen in her heretofore only an exceptionally handsome film-star, and William Holden is now so seasoned and accomplished a film-actor that he could surprise us only by giving a bad performance. Between the two of them—and with some considerable assistance from Mr. Crosby, who rings the changes between his debonair old self and his histrionic new self with the regularity of a pendulum—we get a fine and fretful sense of emotional mix-up, of confused loyalties.

Distinctly more than "That Lady," this other film, "The Country Girl," is what we call "a good movie," a thing to see. Its intense conversations certainly attain here and there to the desperate foolishness of stage-folk caught up in a real emotion. But the film does not give us the complete illusion of being life itself. In other words, it is good cinema without being good art in the highest sense of the word.

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## PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



**NEW COMMANDANT-GENERAL, ROYAL MARINES: MAJ.-GEN. C. R. HARDY.** The Admiralty announced on March 23 that Major-General Hardy is to be Commandant-General, Royal Marines. The appointment will take effect in August. In 1944 Major-General Hardy served in Normandy, and was awarded the D.S.O. and Bar. He has also served in Burma (where he was awarded a second bar to his D.S.O.), Malta and Hong Kong.



**CONSIDERING ONE OF THE WORKS SUBMITTED FOR INCLUSION IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY SUMMER EXHIBITION, 1955: MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY SELECTION COMMITTEE.** Our group of members of the R.A. Selection Committee for the Royal Academy Summer Exhibition this year shows (l. to r.): Mr. Malcolm Osborne, R.A., Mr. B. Fleetwood-Walker, A.R.A., Mr. Gilbert Ledward, R.A., Mr. Rodrigo Moynihan, R.A., Mr. Frank Dobson, R.A., Sir Edward Maufe, R.A., Professor A. E. R. Richardson, President of the Royal Academy; Mr. James Flitton, R.A., Mr. John Skeaping, A.R.A., and Mr. Edward Le Bas, R.A.



**NEW VICE-C.I.G.S. APPOINTED: MAJOR-GENERAL W. P. OLIVER.** A War Office announcement of March 22 names Major-General Oliver as the new Vice-Chief of the Imperial General Staff, with effect from May of this year. He served in the Middle East during the recent war, and has since been appointed Principal Staff Officer to the High Commissioner, Federation of Malaya, and subsequently G.O.C. H.Q., British Sector, Berlin.



**THE WINNER OF THE MEN'S BADMINTON TITLE: MR. WONG PENG SOON (RIGHT) WITH THE RUNNER-UP.** The men's singles title of the All-England Badminton Championships was won by Mr. Wong Peng Soon, of Malaya, at the Empress Hall, London, on March 26. It was his fourth success in six years. In the final, he beat the holder, Mr. E. Choong, also of Malaya, 15-7, 14-17, 15-10.



**THE PRESIDENT'S TIMELY RETURN TO THE CAMBRIDGE CREW: D. K. HILL (SHREWSBURY AND JESUS).** The president of the Cambridge University Boat Race crew, D. K. Hill, returned to the crew on March 22 at bow after J. N. Bruce had contracted chicken pox. D. K. Hill had been out of the boat for three weeks, suffering from the same complaint, but happily was pronounced fit to row in the race, which Cambridge won by sixteen lengths.



**THE WINNER OF THE WOMEN'S SINGLES BADMINTON CHAMPIONSHIP: MISS MARGARET VARNER, OF AMERICA.** The women's singles title at the All-England Badminton Championships was won on March 26 by Miss Margaret Varner, of El Paso, Texas. She defeated last year's holder, Miss J. Devlin, also of the U.S.A., by 9-12, 11-5, 11-1. Miss Varner is twenty-six years of age.



**DRIVING IN AN OPEN CAR TO ZAHARAN ROYAL PALACE AFTER HER ARRIVAL AT AMMAN AIRPORT: PRINCESS DINA WITH KING HUSSEIN.** Princess Dina, who is to marry King Hussein of Jordan on April 19, arrived at Amman Airport from Cairo on March 17, and was driven with her fiancé to the Zahran Royal Palace. At the airport, the Princess was greeted by the Queen Mother Zein, and other members of the Jordanian Royal Family. Princess Dina is a distant cousin of the King.



**ASYLUM GRANTED TO RUSSIAN YOUTH: VALERY ALEXANDROVITCH LYSIKOV.** The seventeen-year-old youth, V. Lysikov, who escaped from the East Zone of Berlin on March 18, has been granted asylum by the American authorities. The son of a Russian Air Force officer, Lysikov fled to the West after having been persecuted for his pro-Western sentiments.



**THE SOVIET DEPUTY FOREIGN MINISTER AT THE SWEDISH FOREIGN OFFICE: MR. GROMYKO WITH SWEDISH AND SOVIET MINISTERS.** On March 25 Mr. Gromyko, the Soviet Deputy Minister for Foreign Affairs, on a visit to Stockholm, dined with the Swedish Foreign Minister. Above, Mr. Gromyko (extreme left) is seen talking to Mr. Oesten Unden, the Swedish Foreign Minister, next to whom is Mr. Gunnar Hedlund, Minister of Domestic Affairs, and, extreme right, Mr. C. Rodionov, the Soviet Ambassador.



**THE NEWLY APPOINTED CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD OF INLAND REVENUE: SIR HENRY HANCOCK.** Sir Henry Hancock, Permanent Secretary to the Ministry of Food from 1951 until the forthcoming amalgamation of that department with the Ministry of Agriculture, has been appointed chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue in succession to Sir Eric Bamford, who is retiring.



**CRUISING ON THE U.S. ATOMIC SUBMARINE NAUTILUS: MEMBERS OF THE JOINT CONGRESSIONAL COMMITTEE ON ATOMIC ENERGY.** The U.S. Navy atomic submarine Nautilus left Groton, Connecticut, on March 20 for a demonstration cruise with fourteen members of the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy. In our picture, the Committee members seated round the table (clockwise) are: Rep. C. Hinshaw, Sen. B. Hickel, Rep. M. Price, Rep. C. Hollifield, Sen. A. Gore, Rep. C. Durham, Sen. C. Anderson, Sen. W. Knowland, Rep. J. Van Zandt, Rep. J. Patterson, Sen. J. Pastore and Rep. S. Cole. Standing, left, is Mr. C. Allerdice, Executive Director of the Committee. Several deep dives were made during the demonstration.



**TO BE PERMANENT UNDER-SECRETARY OF STATE TO THE AIR MINISTRY: SIR MAURICE DEAN.** Sir Maurice Dean, a Second Secretary to the Board of Trade since 1952, has been appointed Permanent Under-Secretary of State to the Air Ministry in succession to Sir James Barnes, who is retiring from the public service at the end of June. Sir Maurice Dean is forty-eight.



## VIOLENCE OF NATURE—AND OF MAN, AND A ROYAL CREMATION.



LORD ENNISKILLEN'S HOME, FLORENCE COURT, DAMAGED BY FIRE: THE SCENE, WITH ENGINES FIGHTING THE BLAZE AND SALVAGED FURNITURE LYING ON THE LAWN. Florence Court, Co. Fermanagh, one of the finest Georgian houses in Ulster, was badly damaged by fire on March 22. The mansion, presented to the National Trust in 1953, contained important books and paintings, most of which were saved. No one was injured.



THE GROUNDING OF THE NORWEGIAN LINER *VENUS* (6269 TONS) IN THE GALE OF MARCH 23: THE VESSEL LYING ON THE ROCKS NEAR MOUNT BATTEN PIER, PLYMOUTH SOUND. S.S. *Venus*, which was to have left for Madeira and the Canary Islands on March 23 with 175 passengers, was blown from her moorings by a 70 m.p.h. gale on to rocks at the eastern side of Plymouth Sound. On March 26 she was hauled off at the fourth attempt, and taken to Mill Bay Docks. She is considerably damaged.



AN AIR DISASTER IN WHICH SIXTY-SIX PERSONS DIED: THE WRECKED FOUR-ENGINE U.S. NAVY AIRCRAFT WHICH STRUCK A MOUNTAIN 29 MILES FROM HONOLULU. On March 22 a four-engine U.S. Naval transport aircraft, carrying fifty-seven passengers and a crew of nine, crashed after hitting a mountain 29 miles from Honolulu and burst into flames. It was heading back to Hickham field with radio trouble after having taken off for California. There were no survivors.



DEMONSTRATORS IN BRUSSELS PROTESTING AGAINST THE SCHOOLS BILL: MOUNTED POLICE DISPERSING A CROWD ON MARCH 27. Disturbances have occurred in Belgian towns in protest against the Schools Bill by which subsidies for Roman Catholic schools are to be cut. A state of emergency in Brabant was proclaimed to prevent a planned march on Brussels. Some disturbances occurred and mounted police dispersed the crowds.



THE CREMATION OF THE LATE KING TRIBHUVANA OF NEPAL: THE SCENE AT THE CEREMONY, WITH MONKS CHANTING AND THE PRINCES OF NEPAL STANDING BY THE PYRE.

The cremation of the late King of Nepal took place on the banks of the river Bagmati. The princes of Nepal lit the pyre, and all personal belongings of his late Majesty were given away, according to ancient custom, to a Brahmin from South India.



THE FIRST U.S. UNDERGROUND ATOMIC EXPLOSION SINCE 1951: (LEFT) THE INITIAL TREE-SHAPED EXPLOSION; AND (RIGHT) THE FAMILIAR "MUSHROOM" DEVELOPING.

On March 23 the first U.S. underground atomic explosion since 1951 was set off at Yucca Flat, Nevada. The device exploded was reported to be small, capable of being carried by one man. A dense brown cloud rose several thousand feet and the small fireball which preceded it was visible from a distance of 55 miles. No rumble or shock was heard or felt at Las Vegas. This was the seventh explosion of the present series.







## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



EVEN Homer nodded on occasion, so we are assured ; but if he was the man I take him to be, he turned any errors he made to advantage. This is the thought that comforts me when I find that I have been in error. Or else I look at it another way. The modern study of zoology teaches us that behaviour consists of a number of primary types. There is the innate behaviour, which used to be called instinctive, by which we perform certain essential actions without having had the need to learn them. There is insight behaviour, which can be approximately described as the ability to put two and two together. And there is trial-and-error learning. Others there may be, but these will suffice to argue that errors are an essential part of life.

On this occasion, it is not one of my own errors I am seeking to turn to profit. It merely happens that in a newspaper recently there was the suggestion that a fox is a member of the cat-family. There were, no doubt, many like myself who read this and recalled immediately that the male is called a dog-fox. The language of common names is, however, no guide, for it is riddled with anomalies. For example, although seals have their nearest relatives in the Carnivora, which includes cats and dogs, we speak of the male as a bull and the female as a cow, and we call the young ones pups. The scientist cannot afford, however, to be supercilious about the shortcomings of popular language, partly because he condones its weaknesses by using some of it in his text-books and partly because, in his technical jargon, which is aimed at being precise and unequivocal, there are almost as many absurdities. Nevertheless, there is this to be said for scientific zoological nomenclature, that a determined effort has been and is still being made to put it on a firm basis.

The first step in this was to accept the names given in Linnaeus' "Systema Naturæ," published in 1758, as a starting-point. That year represents a milestone in a determined attempt at stabilization. And in the "Systema Naturæ" we find the common European red fox named *Canis vulpes*. The species has since been named *Vulpes vulpes*, but the clear lead given by Linnaeus, that the fox was quite certainly a member of the *Canidae*, or dog-family, has been consistently followed. Nor have I been able to find, in my search of the literature, anyone who has deemed otherwise. Indeed, we may say with a fair degree of certainty that the vast majority of people, zoologist or not, would declare the fox a close relative of the dog

### DOG-FOX AND CATS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

merely by looking at it, using the insight-behaviour already referred to.

Now comes the quite surprising aspect of this error: that by causing one to stop and think for a



DOG OR CAT-LIKE? THE FOX, WHICH ANATOMICALLY AND IN MANY FEATURES OF ITS BEHAVIOUR IS SEEN AS ONE OF THE *CANIDÆ*, YET HAS MANY CHARACTERISTICS MORE TYPICALLY ASSOCIATED WITH MEMBERS OF THE *FELIDÆ*, OR CAT-FAMILY.

moment, instead of merely accepting traditional practice, it becomes apparent that a fox is, in fact, very cat-like. It has contractile pupils, and scent-glands, both cat-like characters. It is solitary, hunts mainly by night and does so by stealth instead of running its quarry down as do dogs. It can climb trees, and there are a number of instances on record of vixens having had their litters in the tops of old pollarded trees. All these are features more typically associated with members of the *Felidæ*, or cat-family. On the other hand, it has not the retractile claws of the typical cats. In many details of its breeding habits it is unmistakably dog-like and generally in its anatomy, especially in the skull and teeth, it falls without question into the *Canidæ*. At the same time, the young fox is known as a cub, a name it shares with the young of lions, tigers, leopards and other large cats. The fact that the name is also given to young bears, which are classified in the family *Ursidæ* of the Carnivora, is merely another of the anomalies already mentioned.

This dissertation is something more than an attempt to mitigate an error or even to show that a statement, however contrary to accepted opinion, can be to some extent justified. It is used to demonstrate several important aspects of our study of the living world. To indulge that study our knowledge must be systematized and to keep our materials in order we need to pigeon-hole them. That is, we must classify them and give them labels, otherwise chaos results. Yet the living world knows no hard-and-fast boundaries, no sharp divisions or straight lines. Or perhaps we should say that whenever Nature draws a straight line she smudges it. So we have the contradiction that in order to study the living world, which has no sharp divisions, we can do so only by seeking to divide it up sharply. But this does not prevent overlapping.

For classifying we need stable characters and it is usually assumed that the skeleton is the least changeable, and especially the skull and teeth, although it must be admitted that in the varieties of dogs produced by man's artificial selection the skull has undergone many marked changes. The teeth are relatively

constant, however, and, in dealing with mammals as a whole, we find the soft parts of the body more variable than the hard parts, and the behaviour more variable still, as we go from one species to another.

This discussion of apparent fox-cat affinities calls to mind some notes, on what was called a "cat-fox association," published by F. H. Schultz in the "Canadian Field Naturalist" for 1950. The author of these notes records having seen several instances, during the years 1948 and 1949, of an apparent companionship between a wild fox and a feral cat. The red fox of North America is *Vulpes fulva*, but its resemblance to the red fox of Europe is sufficiently close to make no matter in our present context. Indeed, many zoologists regard the American and the European red foxes as races of a single species. Schultz tells of seeing, on each of these occasions, a fox and a cat together and that on his approach they made off together into the undergrowth. Strange animal companionships are not unusual in captivity or in domestication, and they are not wholly unknown in the wild, but it is the coincidence of this same association having been seen several times in a relatively short space which is noteworthy. Schultz concludes his notes with a story related to him of a man letting his cat in at night and seeing, in the light of his electric torch, a fox accompanying the cat and making off as the cat entered the house.

I wonder what Homer would have made of all this. He would probably have reminded us of yet another very striking similarity between fox and wolf. Although a fox has anal glands, like the *Felidæ*, it also has a gland on the upper surface of the tail, near where it joins the body. The wolf also has such a gland and in the same situation. Apparently when two wolves meet, the tail is erected and it is the scent from this gland on the upper surface which ensures recognition between them. Whether foxes use the same trick of behaviour is difficult to ascertain, but a fox has scent glands on the pads as well as the anal and dorsal glands, and this multiplicity might easily affect behaviour. The anatomical bond between wolf and fox in this particular is, however, too striking to be set aside.

Incidentally, it would appear that the domesticated dog is without the dorsal gland. Has it been lost by selection or could it be, as some people suggest, that the domestic dog was not derived from the wolf but from another species now extinct?



REPRESENTING THE CAT-FAMILY: A LEOPARD. THE CAT FAMILY (*FELIDÆ*) INCLUDES A WIDE VARIETY OF FORMS, LARGE AND SMALL, FROM THE TIGERS AND LIONS TO THE SMALL WILD CATS. ANATOMICALLY THEY DIFFER PERCEPTIBLY FROM MEMBERS OF THE *CANIDÆ*, AND THEIR OUTWARD APPEARANCE IS UNMISTAKABLY DIFFERENT.

Photographs by Neave Parker.



THE ANIMAL WHICH MAY HAVE GIVEN RISE (THOUGH THERE IS NO IRREFUTABLE PROOF OF THIS) TO THE FIRST DOMESTICATED DOG: THE WOLF. IN THE POPULAR VIEW, HOWEVER, THE DOG-FAMILY (*CANIDÆ*) IS TYPIFIED BY THE DOMESTICATED DOG.



DEVICES TO PROMOTE HEALTH AND SAFETY IN INDUSTRY: A NEW AND UNIQUE PERMANENT EXHIBITION CENTRE IN WESTMINSTER.



ILLUSTRATING THE FIRE-RISK OF DUST: A DEVICE AT THE INDUSTRIAL HEALTH AND SAFETY CENTRE, IN WHICH DUST CAN BE EXPLODED BY AN ELECTRIC SPARK.



A PROTECTION AGAINST A COMMON WAREHOUSE HAZARD: A SIMPLE AND LIGHT TYPE OF MANHOLE GUARD (ABOUT 22 LB. IN WEIGHT), WHICH CAN BE FITTED AS REQUIRED.



A SIMPLE AND EFFECTIVE MEANS OF PROTECTION: A GARMENT PRESS, WHICH IS OPERATED BY TWO BUTTONS SIMULTANEOUSLY, THUS ENSURING THAT BOTH HANDS ARE IN THE SAFETY ZONE.



A "CROPPER" PLATEN MACHINE, IN WHICH THE SHEETS ARE INSERTED AND REMOVED BY HAND. THE BAR ABOVE THE HAND IS AN INSTANTANEOUS SAFETY DEVICE AND STOPS THE MACHINE.



THE VALUE OF PROTECTIVE CLOTHING: A FACTORY INSPECTOR DROPPING A 10 LB. HAMMER ON HER STEEL-REINFORCED SHOE.



SIR WALTER MONCKTON, WHO OPENED THE EXHIBITION, INSPECTING A HEAT-REFLECTING, LIGHTWEIGHT, NON-INFLAMMABLE SUIT.



IN THE LARGE HOPPER OF THIS POWERED MINCING MACHINE A GUARD PREVENTS THE HAND GETTING IN.

On March 22 Sir Walter Monckton, the Minister of Labour and National Service, opened at Horseferry Road, Westminster, the Industrial Health and Safety Centre. This was formerly known as the Safety, Health and Welfare Museum; and it is a permanent exhibition—unique in this country—of methods, arrangements and appliances for promoting safety, health and welfare in industry. Many of the exhibits are lent by the manufacturers and are demonstrated in use. We show here some of the more striking, most of which are self-explanatory, both in their way

of working and in the need which they fill. The platen machine perhaps needs explanation. The plate carrying the sheet rises, and if the hand is not taken away soon enough it strikes the bar above and so instantly stops the machine. The protective suit shown is coated with a thin layer of shining aluminium foil, which protects against radiant heat by reflecting it back. The glass visor in the hood is splinter-proof and does not admit infra-red rays. This type of clothing is designed for use in iron and steel works, and the like.



# THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

## IN THE HOUSE.

By J. C. TREWIN.

IT is of no use to deny it. We gave a very bad performance. And by "we" I mean the audience at the Duchess Theatre première of Denis Cannan's new comedy. The play has the not wholly attractive title of "Misery Me!": I feel that Mr. Cannan, as he contemplated the theatre—and especially during the third act—might well have echoed his own title and in earnest, adding "Is there an audience in the house?"

The play is by a witty and inventive mind. But Mr. Cannan—it is unfortunate—does not always write the line that brings an immediate response from the house: the laugh that can lift the hearts of both company and audience. Years ago now, when I adapted "Alice in Wonderland"—a feat shared, I would say, by two people in three—I found that the house was not laughing aloud at the Carroll jokes. Instead, it simmered, smiling mildly at Carroll's mad logic. The only loud laughter came during the producer's unauthorised knockabout jinks towards the end. Similarly, Mr. Cannan's jokes bring the smile rather than the noisy laugh; but I was surprised at the Duchess to find that the smiles were so strained. We must have been an extremely unrewarding audience to play to, though every now and again, from somewhere in the stalls, there was a responsive guffaw. I would not have been astonished if, during the third act, a few of the company had slipped into music-hall habits and idiom and thanked "the gentleman on the left of the stalls" or "the lady in the dress circle" for having a good time.

Personally, having laughed several times myself and having been kept in a pleasant bubble for most of the evening, I came out remembering with pleasure Mr. Cannan's serio-comic bravura and the way in which the cast had fought against its stolid audience: one in which a line would plop like a lawn-tennis ball upon damp sand.

I agree that a few of the situations were repetitive, that we became used to the revolver-work, and that the play did get a little too much like a blend of hide-and-seek and ring-o'-roses. But Mr. Cannan's wit went off like a minute-gun—I swear to my old English master that I am not punning on the dramatist's name—while, in the auditorium of the Duchess, most of us sat inert, greeting the brightest line with a dim smile or a faint palpitation of the eyebrow.

Carroll's Duchess (no connection with the theatre) observed that everything has a moral if only you can find it. In "Misery Me!" I presume Mr. Cannan is suggesting, for one thing, that we should act at once without pondering too heavily. If we ponder we shall stop, disillusioned. Thus the young man at the mountain inn thinks too much about his projected suicide. The two sworn enemies get to talking and find that they are not hating each other after all. And so forth. Still, this is only one thread that we can twine in and out of the comedy—a play that seems, alas, to be doomed.

Doubtless it is not broad enough. Consider the situation. Here in a mountain hotel that has been rendered primitive at considerable expense, is the rich man's petted secretary, escaping to the simple life of her youth; here are two of her admirers, rich man and Left Wing firebrand, in anxious pursuit; here is a young man out of sorts with the world, resolving to die and persuaded by each suitor in turn to shoot the other. Naturally, we say to ourselves, he will go off with the girl, and he does; but there is more to it than that: much more. Unluckily

Denis Cannan has not dressed up a man as a woman, or debagged one of his comedians; and, these things aside, there is still a rich supply of the oldest jokes that he has failed, unaccountably, to use.

The Duchess is across the way from the Strand Theatre. I noticed the producer of "Misery Me!", the ever-delightful Alastair Sim, sitting, bowed, among the first-night audience. Surely he and Mr. Cannan could have galloped across to "Sailor, Beware!" during an interval and borrowed a few stock jokes from the remarkable (and highly agreeable) museum on view there. Then, by the end of the evening, Yvonne Mitchell, George Cole, Clive Morton, and Colin Gordon might have had us helpless in the stalls; and, round the place, we should have heard the odd sounds of rib-splintering and hoarse-laughing with which we are supposed to salute the riper jests.

Never mind. I look forward one day to hearing Miss Mitchell—among the very best of our actresses—the lugubrious-cheerful Mr. Cole, and the comedy pair of Morton and Gordon, in a performance before a well-trained house ("Speak, hands, for me!" as Shakespeare says in a slightly different context). It may not be,

alas, in the West End; but it is one of those occasions we like to think of in dream.

I have no complaints at all of the audience at the Sloane School, Chelsea. We were attending a production of "Troilus and Cressida," acted by the schoolboys whom the headmaster, Mr. Guy Boas, annually trains to bring off a miracle. Before our satisfied gaze, and to the sound of our drum-fire applause, the miracle duly came off.

I have to say here that the fantastically difficult play of "Troilus and Cressida" is not one's natural choice for a school, however talented. It has seemed to me to be like the castle of the sleeping princess. That is, we have to press through an apparently impenetrable thorn thicket. Then, as the tanglewood closes behind us, and we come into a world of the most poignant beauty—

But, alas!

I am as true as truth's simplicity,  
And simpler than the infancy of truth

—we ask what could have made us think about the briers that barred our way.

I have written so often in recent years of the satire, the irony, the tragedy, and the beauty of "Troilus" that I need not say more except to express wonder, yet again, at the tangled glories: the brambled mazes of debate in which the contention over Argive Helen turns to "cormorant war"; the quick splendours, the dark mocking at love and strife, the flash of phrase ("heel the high lavolt"), the fan-traceried speeches of Ulysses, the last anguish in the dying day. In saying all this, I repeat myself. What matters now is the way in which the Sloane School players have taken the challenge. Clarity and sincerity, with so understanding a producer as Guy Boas behind all, can do much; it is not surprising that the boys—this year with gallant aid from a neighbouring girls' school—have pushed through the tanglewood and come to the heart of "Troilus." My special gratitude to V. L. Bimstone, who persuaded us that

he was in the mind of Ulysses; to G. M. Mason for his speaking of Troilus, and to R. D. Jackson—it seems only yesterday that he was around the house as Nerissa—for the straight thrust of his Hector, slain in the sunset of Troy. The producer urged the play on most craftily—I admired the firm, simple handling of the Council scene, spoken direct to the audience—and I need say no more except to suggest that in Guy Boas's richly-illustrated "Shakespeare and the Young Actor: a Guide to Production,"\* you will find the key to the success of Shakespeare at the Sloane: the wise human book of an expert who has given to his school a place of its own in modern theatrical record.

I return to one of the lesser audiences: that at the Embassy for "Desire Under the Elms." This earthy affair, by Eugene O'Neill, is always on the edge of parodying itself. One realises that there is a character in old Ephraim; but the piece is so torrid and humourless (misery me!) that one

can merely wait, in embarrassment, for the ultimate disaster. It is odd now to read an article, years old, in which O'Neill was praised for the way in which he had "ennobled" the "fervent passions of primitive people." Pat Sandys, the Abbie, is an intense young actress who can keep a stiff upper lip in most situations, and I spy an actor in David Garth. But I cannot blame the audience for responding wanly to a play that, I fear, has had its hour, though there must always be Starkadders at Cold Comfort.

\* Rockliff; 16s.



A TROJAN VISION OF PARIS AND HELEN TO-DAY: "TROILUS AND CRESSIDA" (SLOANE SCHOOL), SHOWING A SCENE IN WHICH PARIS (J. C. BODIN) AND HELEN (CAROL PETERS) ARE WATCHED BY PANDARUS (R. C. M. THORN), IN THE PRODUCER'S ATTEMPT TO EXPRESS THE ESSENCE OF THE SHAKESPEARIAN SCENE (ACT III., SCENE I.) IN A FEW MOMENTS OF MODERN DRESS MIME.



"ACTED BY THE SCHOOLBOYS (THIS YEAR WITH GALLANT AID FROM A NEIGHBOURING GIRLS' SCHOOL, THE CARLYLE GRAMMAR SCHOOL) WHOM THE HEADMASTER, MR. GUY BOAS, ANNUALLY TRAINS TO BRING OFF A MIRACLE": SHAKESPEARE'S "TROILUS AND CRESSIDA" (SLOANE SCHOOL), SHOWING HECTOR (R. D. JACKSON) TREACHEROUSLY SLAIN BY ACHILLES (J. V. BOND) AND HIS MYRMIDONS.

### OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"MISERY ME!" (Duchess).—Denis Cannan, as we know from "Captain Carvalho," is a dramatist with a witty turn of phrase. It is a pity that, in this play, he does not invariably—a nice euphemism—get through to his audience, though I am sure that the first-night house should have been more responsive, readier to meet him half-way. (Not much "audience participation" there!) The situations are apt to repeat each other; but there is good entertainment in this mountain hotel, and I feel sorry that Yvonne Mitchell, George Cole, Clive Morton, and Colin Gordon are unable to impress it upon the West End. No fault of theirs; but one fears the worst. . . . (March 16.)

"TROILUS AND CRESSIDA" (Sloane School).—Once more the Sloane (Chelsea) schoolboys, under Guy Boas, have carried off an intensely difficult play. The recipe: good sense, a refusal to be fussed, the natural acting ability of the schoolboy (and here, too, the schoolgirl)—and, of course, Shakespeare. Now what are we to have next year? (March 16; seen March 18.)

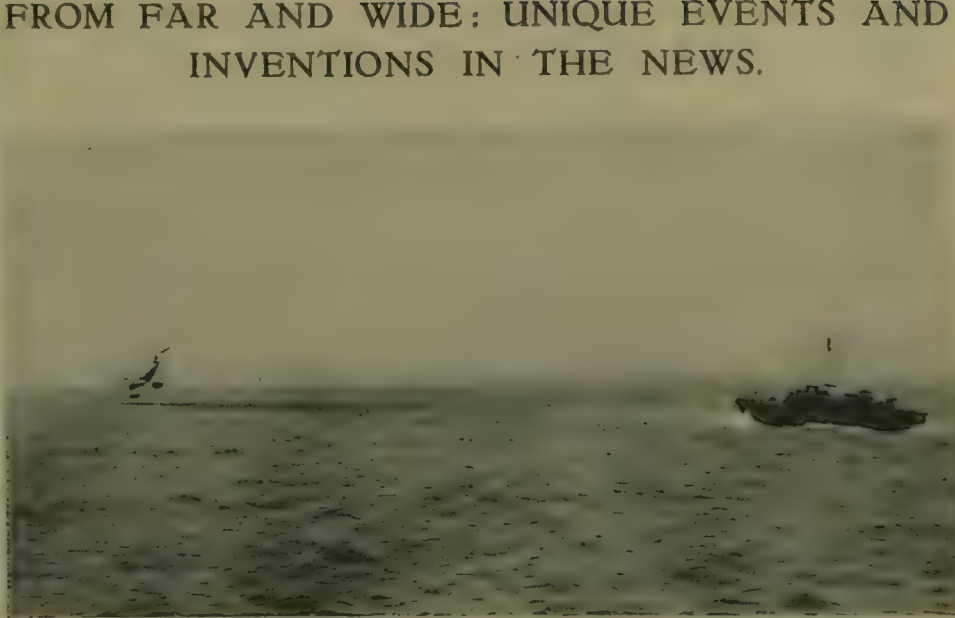
"DESIRE UNDER THE ELMES" (Embassy).—Eugene O'Neill's play, which James Agate before the war called "an example of the Higher Guff at its worst," still speaks to me in those terms. The Embassy cast acted the stark stuff very well indeed, though to little purpose. (March 22.)



FROM FAR AND WIDE: UNIQUE EVENTS AND INVENTIONS IN THE NEWS.



A SPITFIRE PLANTED IN A WORTHING GARDEN: ALMOST THE LAST OF THE FEW, THIS SPITFIRE WAS DELIVERED IN FULL FLYING ORDER TO MR. WILCOCK, A GARAGE PROPRIETOR FROM WORTHING, SUSSEX, WHO APPLIED FOR IT TO THE AIR MINISTRY. HE BELIEVES THE SPITFIRE TO BE THE FINEST AIRCRAFT EVER MADE.



A NAVAL PATROL BOAT TOWED BY HELICOPTER: A PIASECKI H-21 HELICOPTER SEEN TOWING AN 81-FT. U.S. NAVY PATROL BOAT AT A SPEED OF 11 KNOTS.

A new development in the means of recovering a disabled sea-craft was demonstrated recently in the Gulf of Mexico, when a Piasecki helicopter towed an 81-ft. patrol boat of the U.S. Navy at a speed of 11 knots. The helicopter's dual rotors enabled it to exert a heavy pull on the tow cable.



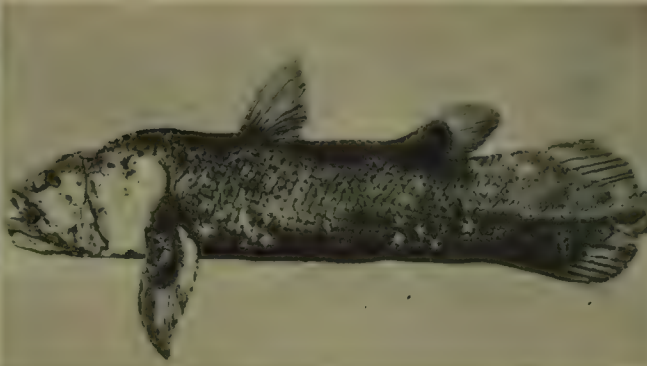
EVERYMAN'S AIRCRAFT: UNDERGOING TESTS IN TEXAS, A ONE-MAN HELICOPTER, CALLED THE WHIRLEYBIRD. This versatile one-man helicopter can fly at speeds up to 90 m.p.h. and can reach an altitude of 10,000 ft. No flight training is needed to operate it, and it has been suggested as a replacement for conventional landing craft. The U.S. Navy is interested in its development.



THE JAWS OF THE GREAT WHITE WHALE: PART OF A MODEL OF "MOBY DICK" AT THE LONDON ZOO. The lifelike model of "Moby Dick," the great white whale, used in the film of Herman Melville's sea classic, has been transferred to the London Zoo for erection in the Antelope Paddock. 40 ft. long and 32 ft. high, the rubber and plastic model will be on view to the public after Easter, with other whaling objects of the period.



WRITING IN THE SKIES: A NEW MEANS OF AIR ADVERTISING. THE APPARATUS ON THE TRUCK CAN PROJECT HUGE ADVERTISEMENT SIGNS AND LETTERS ON THE CLOUDS FROM DISTANCES OF 5000 YARDS. IT IS ALSO EFFECTIVE ON MOUNTAINS AND LAKES,



CAUGHT OFF MADAGASCAR: A FEMALE COELACANTH. FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE THE IMPORTANCE OF THE COELACANTH IN THE CHAIN OF EVOLUTION HAS BECOME KNOWN, A FEMALE OF THE SPECIES HAS BEEN CAUGHT. IT CONTAINED SIXTY EGGS.



A SUDANESE BEAUTY CONTEST: YOUNG SUDANESE GIRLS LINE UP FOR A BEAUTY CONTEST STAGED RECENTLY WHEN THE PRIME MINISTER, SAYED ISMAIL EL AZHARI, CAME TO OPEN A LOCAL HOSPITAL. THE EXPRESSIONS OF MUTUAL DISDAIN ARE A FEATURE OF SUCH CONTESTS THE WORLD OVER.



A RADIO DEVICE, DEVELOPED FOR THE MEDICAL CORPS OF THE U.S. NAVY, WHICH MEASURES THE HEART AND LUNG ACTIVITY OF A MAN WHILE HE WORKS. THE EQUIPMENT IS HERE BEING PLACED IN AN OFFICER'S POCKETS.



## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

IT would be rather sad if the first work of an outstanding novelist proved to be likewise his best book. So I was definitely hoping that "Night Rider," by Robert Penn Warren (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 13s. 6d.)—which I had so far missed, though it came out in 1939—would have some slight tinge of inferiority. In that respect, honour is satisfied. "Night Rider" has the stamp of a début; since then, there have been larger, broader novels—better projected, better balanced. Yet in another sense, this first book contains everything. The psychological abyss: the conflict between "world" and "idea": the daylight rawness of events, in strange antithesis to the internal subtlety and chaos: the poison of never-ascertained motives—of a "black need" inside, wearing the mask of righteousness and public spirit: and the futility, the shifting treachery of life itself. It is all here in embryo and because not quite born, it has a special, dreamlike, stealthily foreboding quality. . . .

Although the plot, as usual, is historical and *terre à terre*. Here we don't go far back—only to the beginning of the century. The small tobacco-growers of Kentucky are at the mercy of a buyers' ring, forcing them to sell at starvation prices. Now a few leading spirits mean to retort with an Association, which will hold all tobacco till the price is right. Only, of course, the scheme won't work, unless a vast majority of growers can be brought into it. That is the purpose of the initial rally in Bardsville. And Percy Munn is not involved—either by temper or necessity. For his profession is the law; and when Bill Christian drags him up on to the platform, in the grilling heat, he feels himself a fish out of water. Then, unexpectedly, the chairman pronounces his name. He has no choice but to get up—and something happens; after a moment's nausea, his own voice fills him, and he is "completely himself."

It is a kind of mystical experience. Yet it is somehow wrong; and when they want him on the Board, his instant, irrepressible response is a flat No. But as he can't explain what prompted it, the others have soon talked him round. And thenceforth he pursues his Absolute, as in a dream, through all the byways of an action that was ill-starred from the very first. When the Association has been beaten, Mr. Munn is lost. Not because what he did was wrong—other good men were doing it, and are none the worse; but because for him it was wrong. He identified his truth, his being, with the Association, destroyed his old self in the process, and has nothing left.

What you might think the foreground of this book, though full of earthy, solid characters, is really background and mirage; while the true, haunted foreground is the hero's psyche. There are some flaws of structure, and of balance; but the effect is wonderful.

## OTHER FICTION.

"Drinkers of Darkness," by Gerald Hanley (Collins; 12s. 6d.), is about Christmas at Mambango—a frightful place, all heat, dirt, jungle and malaria. "The whole country had a queer effect on white people, everybody knew, but Mambango was special. . . ." For one thing, it has broken every manager but Tamlin. And Tamlin has a word for his subordinates; he calls them "dregs." A dreg, he tells his wife, is anyone who *had* to come here for a job—or in a short time, almost anyone. "Technicians did not automatically qualify as dregs, for they had something to sell other than that vague qualification 'ex-officer, able handle natives.' But a technician usually became a dreg after a year at Mambango."

There is a caste system, however: the native Englishmen, and the "off-whites." There is a club, to reduce suicides. There are a few white wives—one of whom, for good measure, is a nymphomaniac. And now—shortly before the war—there is to be "a bloody good Christmas." So Mr. Mooning is resolved. He has the nymphomaniac wife; but he has also the prize cook. And he can lay his hand on two whole pigs. . . .

This party would be dreary enough if it took place. But it is ruined on the eve: among the "dregs," by small things like despair, frenzy and sudden death—mere aggravations of the common round: but on the "labour" front, by something crucial. The blacks have gone on strike in a new way. . . . And suddenly, there is a whiff of magic, of religion fanaticism, and of secret agents who have "been to Russia." This time, it all seems to blow over. But Tamlin, the enlightened despot, knows that the wind has changed for good, and the old "African back-water" has ceased to be.

It is a brilliant, penetrating, vital "study"; but as a story, it is deficient in backbone.

"Good Morning, Miss Dove," by Frances Gray Patton (Gollancz; 10s. 6d.), should have three stars for amusement-value. By which I don't only mean fun; I mean that it has every choice ingredient of a delicious sweet, mixed with the nicest art to prevent cloying.

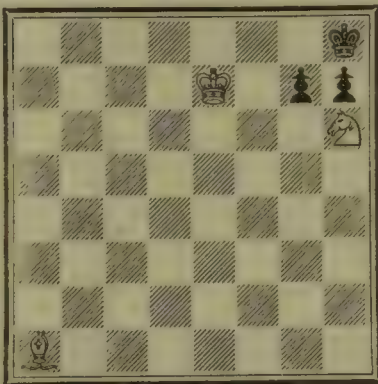
Its heroine has spent her whole life as a schoolmarm in Liberty Hill. She looks the part—thin, scraped, stiff as a ramrod. And she behaves the part, even to comedy. In her class, rules are rules; children don't think, they are informed; they don't "express themselves," but toe the line. So it has been for thirty-five years. And now she is borne off to hospital, under the shocked eyes of the town, where almost everyone is an ex-pupil. The question is, will she come out again? That and no more—yet what dexterity, what sparkle! And when the "terrible Miss Dove" feigns to reject emotion, what a shallow fraud!

"Out of the Past," by Patricia Wentworth (Hodder and Stoughton; 10s. 6d.), is the romantic mixture as before. Three years ago, Carmona was left, literally, at the altar by her aunt's handsome but atrocious stepson, Alan Field. Meanwhile James Hardwick had fallen in love with her at sight, and, although posted to the Middle East, retained a firm presentiment that he would marry her. Which came to pass, within a few months of the altar incident. And now they have a summer houseful of old friends, in an inherited white elephant by the seaside. Re-enter Alan Field, handsome and smooth, as usual out of funds, and armed with a whole sheaf of secrets about almost everyone. This time, his payment is a knife in the back. And luckily, Miss Silver happens to be staying near by. . . . This is one of her better cases: bright, pleasing and well-knit.

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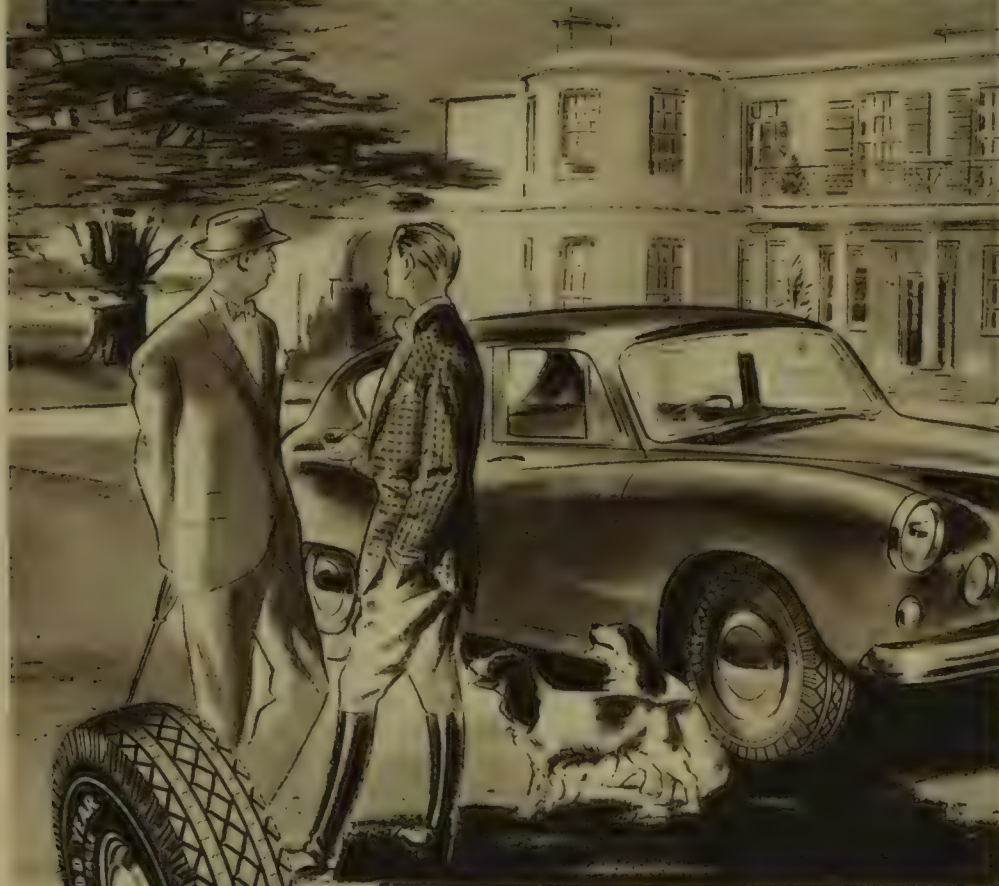
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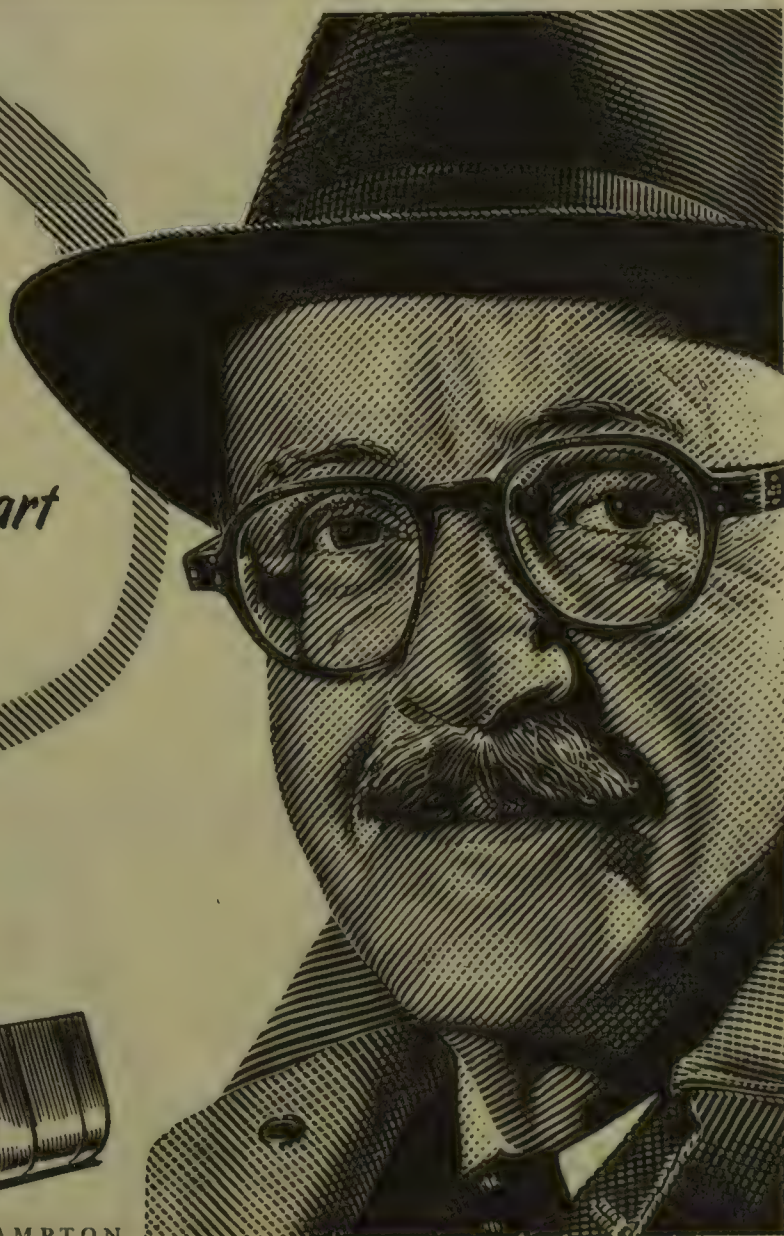
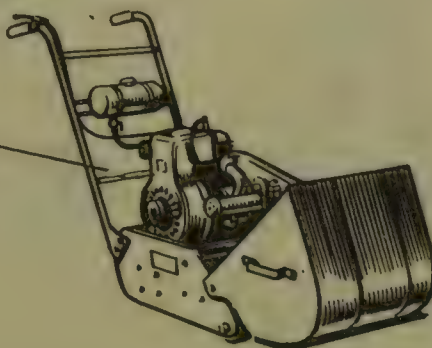
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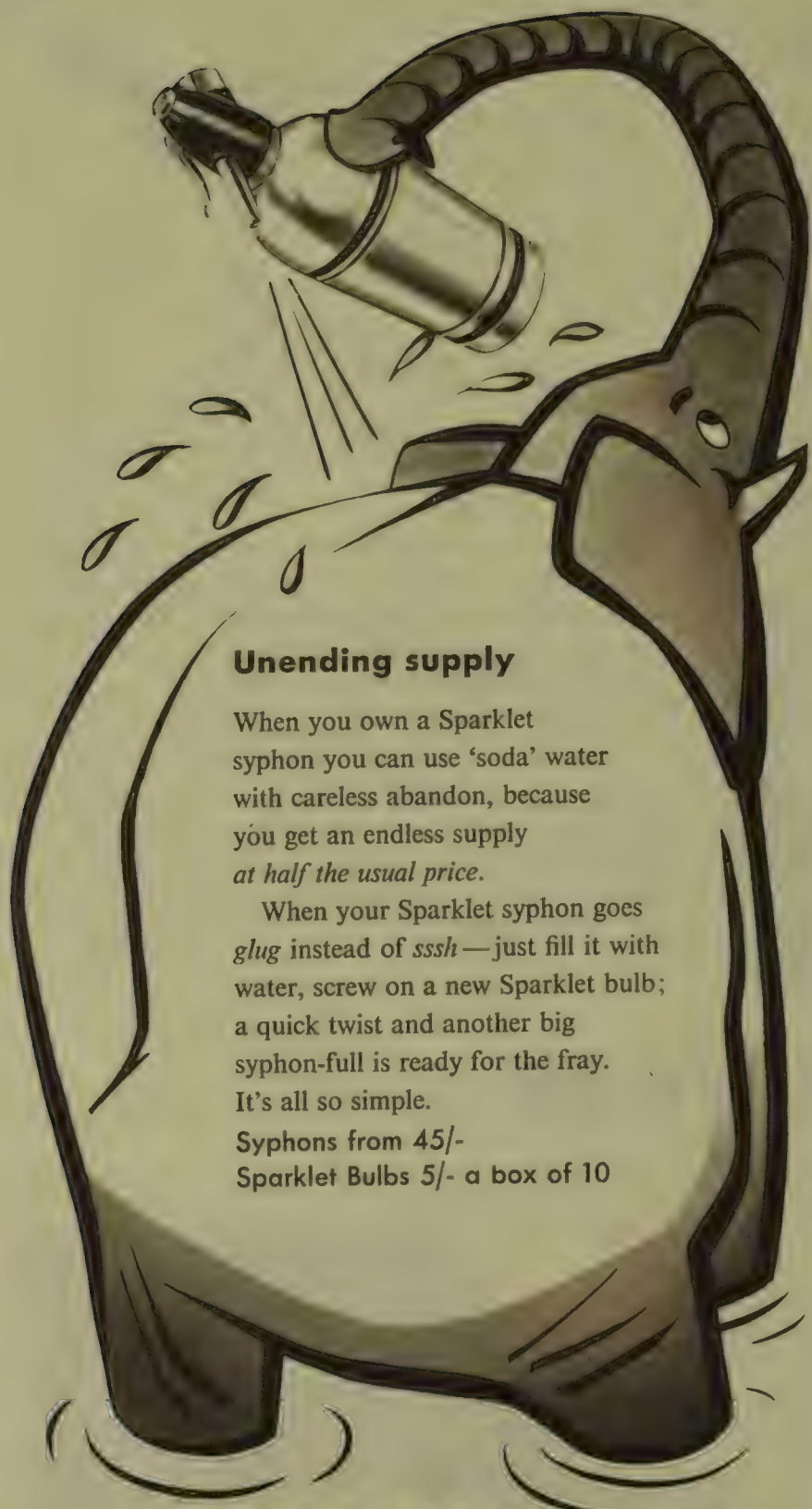
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
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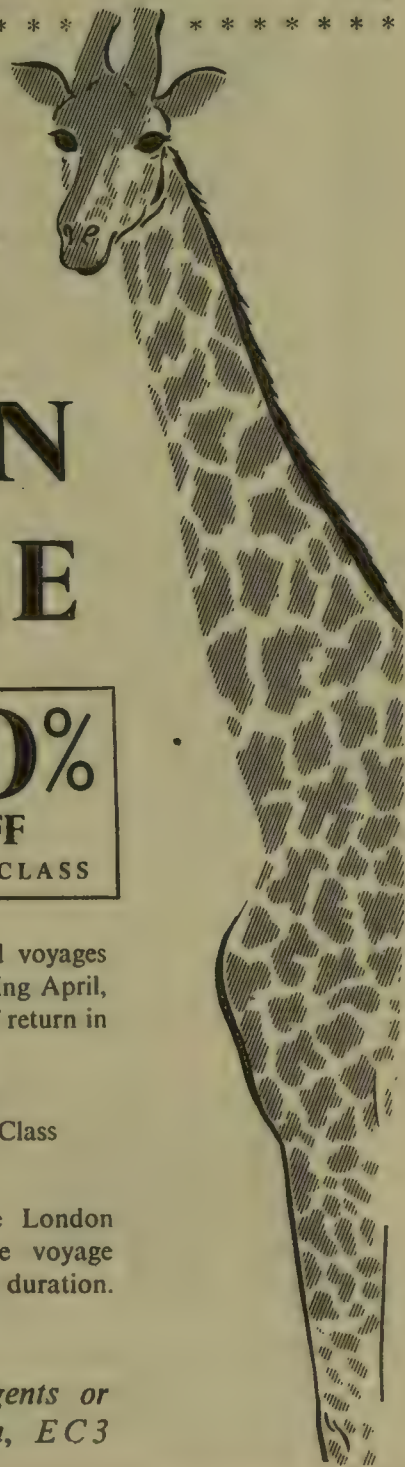
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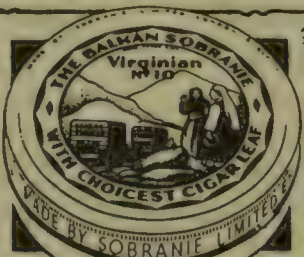
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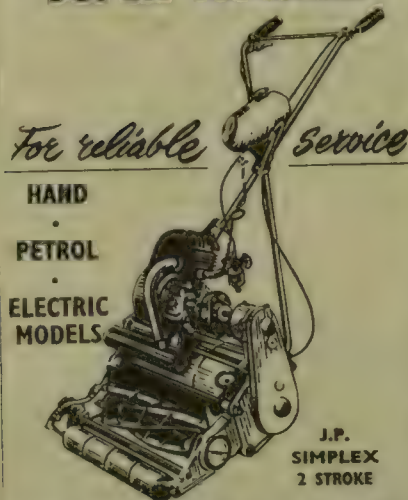
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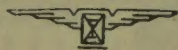




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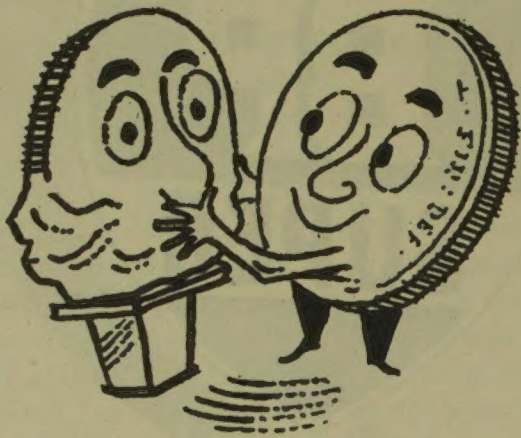


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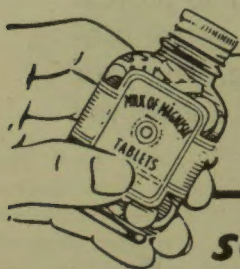
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